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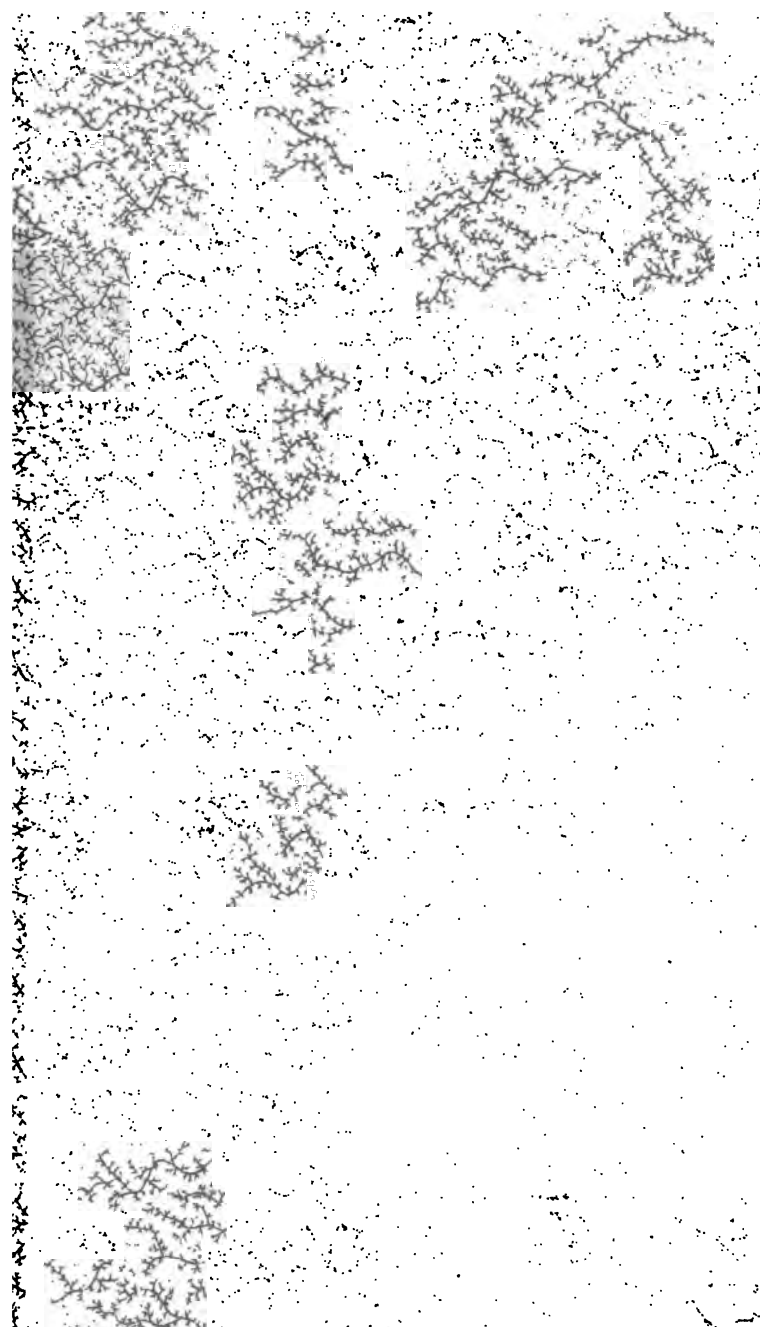


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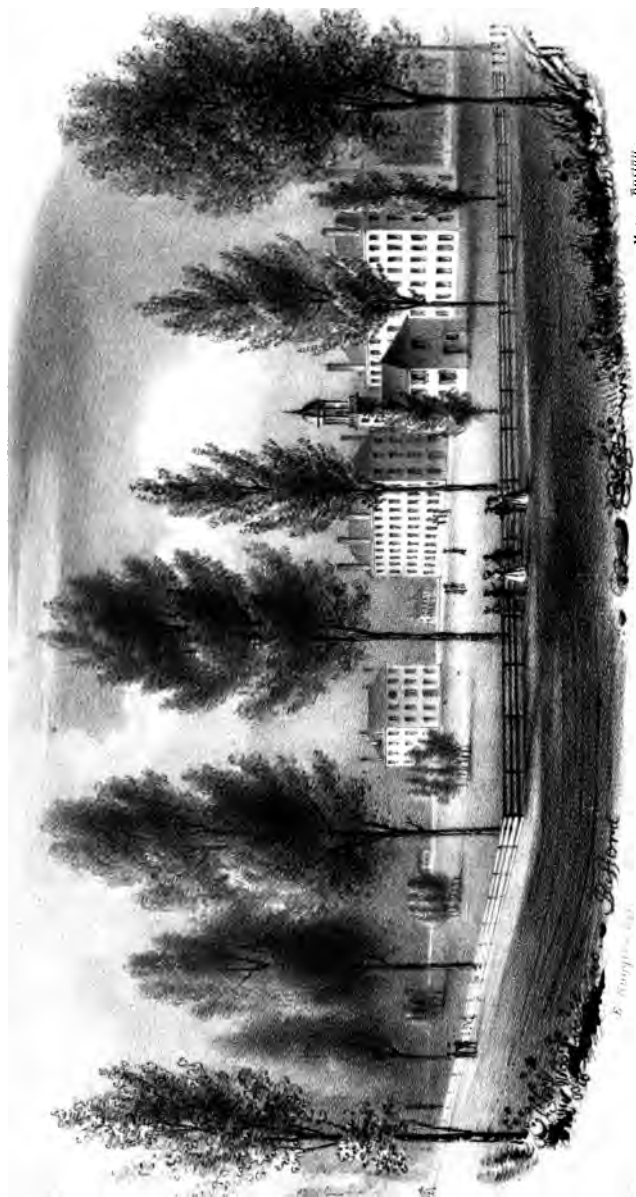






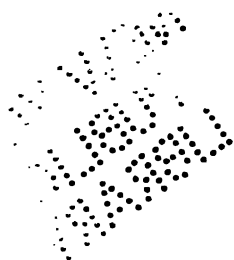






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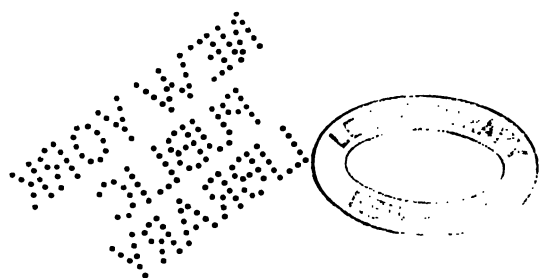
THE
BOWDOIN POETS.

EDITED BY
EDWARD P. WESTON.

"Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta."

BRUNSWICK:
PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH GRIFFIN.

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PRESS OF JOSEPH GRIFFIN, BRUNSWICK, ME.

PREFACE.

THE collection of this little volume was undertaken by the compiler, to occupy the leisure of a few weeks not otherwise appropriated. The design, though we believe entirely novel, needs but a word of explanation. It is a BOWDOIN BOOK;—the united offering of her poets at the shrine of the BOWDOIN MUSE;—and presented to her Alumni as a memento of their cherished Alma Mater. A thing of local interest, and principally intended to meet the partial eye of its friends, it was not fashioned exclusively in reference to the taste, or the criticism, of the literary Public. Yet in allowing it to pass beyond the circle for which it was especially intended, we must plead guilty to the charge of believing that its appearance abroad will be respectable;—a vanity, pardonable perhaps, in one so little removed from college life, as not to have entirely lost in the levelling of the great world, the student's peculiar regard for his own institution. We mean however, to claim for it no excellence su-

perior to that which any similar book might possess, had one the idle curiosity to compile it. And indeed, from the circumstances in which this volume has been prepared, we cannot offer it as a perfect specimen of our own poetical literature.

The selection of the materials composing the volume, has been attended with many difficulties. Not the least of these, was that of deciding how far a rigid criticism should yield to a regard for the interest, which a larger number of contributors would give the book, as intended for Bowdoin readers. Again, the little time allowed us after the project was conceived, before it was necessary to publish the book—if published at all—obliged us to commence the printing before all the materials were communicated. For this reason, the arrangement of the poems will be found wholly miscellaneous—no regard having been paid to subject or style—or priority of age in the writers, farther than, where it was convenient, to mingle “the green leaves with the dry.”—Owing to the late date of many of the communications, a very disproportionate selection has been made from the different contributors.—It will be noticed that we have drawn largely upon the published articles of some of our writers. If the peculiar excellence of any pieces, has made them familiar to the public eye, it is not



perhaps to our discredit, that we can claim them as our offspring.

Should individuals look in vain for names they expected to find in the volume, we have only to assure them of our intention to do impartial justice. We have spared no pains to ascertain the address of all who are entitled to a representation upon its pages, but fear that some have been overlooked. From a large number also to whom our Circular was sent, no answer has been received ; leaving us to suppose that the communication, upon one side or the other, miscarried. Some articles furnished, have been necessarily excluded ; and in others, their authors will notice a few slight alterations.

In the case of several individuals to whom the Circular was sent, the Editor regrets that their modesty has led them to decline occupying the pages offered them. We would with pleasure have added to our list of contributors, besides others, the names of Charles S. Daveis and Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esquires ;—the Hon. Messrs. Bellamy Storer, Robert P. Dunlap, George Evans and S. S. Prentiss ;—and the Rev. Messrs. Thomas T. Stone, Calvin E. Stowe, George B. Cheever and Horatio Southgate ; all of whom are remembered by their college contemporaries as “ Bowdoin Poets.”

It will be perceived from the names *starred* in



the following pages, that five of the contributors have already passed to their immortality.

‘Quos dei amant, immature moriuntur.’

They have erected their own monuments ; not all of them perhaps in the public avenue, where the unfeeling wonder and pass on ; but each in his own green retreat, trodden at eve-fall by the loved and the left, and hallowed by their tears.

We had intended to present a *PROEM*, wherein the Spirits of Bowdoin,

“Black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray,”—

assembled from all her borders—

From old Bungo-nungo-nock,

And where merry Quohomock

Floweth free,—

From the plains and from the highlands,

And the wave-embosomed islands

Of the sea—

should have whispered to her Poets as of old, and borne them tidings of their once familiar haunts,

Where the giant night-wind marches

Through the pines’ cathedral arches

Solemnly—

and where in time past,

As beneath the stars they wended,

Burning thoughts in troops descended

From on high.

But, reminded by our Publisher that we have already transgressed the stipulated limits, we are obliged to abandon the design ; leaving the hallowed memories of Bowdoin and Pegepscot to be suggested by the pages that follow.

From this little labor of alternate pleasure and perplexity, we turn to severer duties ; and have only to ask, in concluding these unnecessarily protracted remarks, that our brethren will accept at our hands this humble effort to afford them an hour's entertainment. Should they call for a periodical offering of like nature, may the labor of its preparation fall into abler hands.

E. P. W.

BRUNSWICK, AUGUST, 1840.



TABLE OF CONTRIBUTORS,

WITH THEIR TIME OF GRADUATION.

FRANCIS BARBOUR	1830	FREDERIC MELLEN	1825
CHARLES H. BROWNE	1838	ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.	1826
NEHEMIAH CLEVELAND	1813	EPHRAIM PEABODY	1827
WILLIAM G. CROSBY	1823	CHARLES H. PORTER	1839
WILLIAM CUTTER	1821	NATHANIEL L. SAWYER	1838
DANIEL DOLE	1836	SEBA SMITH	1818
ANDREW DUNNING	1837	JOHN B. L. SOULE	1840
EDMUND FLAGG	1835	GEORGE F. TALBOT	1837
HENRY W. FULLER, JR.	1828	BENJAMIN B. THATCHER	1826
BENJ. A. G. FULLER	1839	CHARLES W. UPHAM	1833
HENRY J. GARDNER	1838	CHARLES H. UPTON	1834
CLAUDE L. HEMANS	1838	RICHARD H. VOSE	1822
ELIJAH KELLOGG, JR.	1840	WILLIAM B. WALTER	1818
GEORGE W. LAMB	1837	EDWARD P. WESTON	1839
GEORGE F. MAGOUN	1841	ROBERT WYMAN	1838

NOTE. In the above table, names of individuals who left before the close of their college course, are entered with the year in which their classes, respectively, were graduated.

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BOWDOIN POETS.





THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows;
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
With what a tender and impassioned voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
When the fast-ushering star of morning comes
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;
Or when the cowed and dusky-sandaled Eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves
In the green valley, where the silver brook,
From its full laver, pours the white cascade;
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless
laughter.

And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid
The silent majesty of these deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure bright air,
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shade.
For them there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,—
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,—
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
The distant lake, fountains,—and mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable, repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.
And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill
The world ; and, in these wayward days of youth,
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature,—of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds

When the sun sets. Within her eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light,
And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,
And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair
Is like the summer tresses of the trees,
When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
To have it round us,—and her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

TO AN INFANT

ON THE DAY OF ITS BIRTH.

BY WILLIAM B. WALTER.*

“Blest who in the cradle die!
Nought they knew—oh!—envied bliss—
Save a mother’s soothing smile,
Save a mother’s tender kiss.”

AND thou art here, sweet Boy, among
The crowds that come this world to throng!
The loveliest dream of waking life!
Hope of the bosom’s secret strife!
Emblem of all the heart can love!
Vision of all that’s bright above!
Pledge, promise of remember’d years!
Seal of pure souls, yet bought with tears!

Hail ! CHILD OF LOVE !—I linger yet
Around thy couch, where slumber sweet
Hangs on thine eyelids' living shroud ;
And thoughts and dreamings, thickly crowd
Upon the mind, like gleams of light
Which sweep along the darksome night,
Lurid and strange, all fearful sent
In flashings o'er the firmament !

Oh ! wake not from that tranquil sleep !
Too soon 'twill break, and thou shalt weep,
Such is thy destiny and doom,
O'er this long past and long to come ;
Earth's mockery, guilt, and nameless wo ;
The pangs which thou can'st only know ;
All crowded in a little span,
The being of the creature Man !

Ah ! little deemest thou my child,
The way of life is dark and wild ;
Its sunshine, but a light, whose play
Serves but to dazzle and betray ;
Weary and long—its end, the tomb,
Where darkness spreads her wings of gloom !
That resting place of things which live,
The goal, of all that earth can give !



It may be, that the dreams of fame,
Proud Glory's plume, the warrior's name,
Shall lure thee to the field of blood ;
There like a god, war's fiery flood
May bear thee on ! while far above,
Thy crimson banners proudly move,
Like the red clouds which skirt the sun,
When the fierce tempest-day is done !


Or lead thee to a cloistered cell,
Where Learning's votaries lonely dwell ;
The midnight lamp and brow of care ;
The frozen heart that mocks despair ;
Consumption's fires to burn thy cheek ;
The brain that throbs, but will not break ;
The travail of the soul, to gain
A name, and die—alas ! in vain !

Thou reckest not sweet slumberer, there,
Of this world's crimes ; of many a snare
To catch the soul ; of pleasures wild,
Friends false—foes dark—and hearts beguiled ;
Of Passion's ministers who sway
With iron sceptre, all who stray ;
Of broken hearts—still loving on,
When all is lost, and changed, and gone !

What is it, that thou wilt not prove ?
Power, Wealth, Dominion, Grandeur, Love—
All the soul's idols in their turn !
And find each false, yet wildly burn
To grasp at all—and love the cheat ;
Smile, when the ravening vultures eat
Into thy very bosom's core,
And drink up that—which is not gore !

Thy tears shall flow, and thou shalt weep
As he has wept who eyes thy sleep,
But weeps no more—his heart is cold,
Warped, sickened, seared, with woes untold.
And be it so ! the clouds which roll
Dark, heavy o'er my troubled soul,
Bring with them lightnings which illumine,
To shroud the mind in deeper gloom !

But no ! dear boy, my earnest prayer
Shall call on heaven to bless thee here !
Long may'st thou live to love thy kind—
Brave, generous, of a lofty mind !
Thy Father live again in thee,
Thy Mother long her virtues see
Brightly reflected forth in thine—
Her solace in life's sad decline.



Sleep on ! sleep on ! but oh, my soul,
This is not slumber's soft control !
Boy !—boy ! awake !—that struggling cry
So faint and low—that agony !
The long, sunk, heavy gasp and groan !
And oh ! that desolate, last moan !—
My God ! the infant spirit's gone !
Are there no tears?—dark—dark—alone !

'Tis past ! farewell ! I little thought
The mockeries which my fancy wrought,
From fate's dark book were rudely torn !—
That clouds would darken o'er thy morn !
That death's stern hand would sweep away
The flower just springing to the day !
But wounded hearts, must still bleed on !
Enough, enough—God's WILL BE DONE !

THE TROUBADOUR.

BY FREDERIC MELLEN.*

HE leaned beneath the casement, and his gaze
Went forth upon the night, as if his thoughts
Held dark communion with its secret shadows ;
And as the light stole in among the leaves,
There might be traced upon his marble brow
The lines that grief, not time, had written there.
He rested on his harp, and as his hand
Swept lightly o'er the strings, its sadden'd tone
Seem'd like the echo of some spirit's moan.

Lady ! the dark long night
Of grief and sorrow,
That knows no cheerful light,
No sun-bright morrow,



Is gathering round my heart,
In gloom and tears,
That will not, can not part,
For long, long years.

Oh ! would that thought could die ;
And memory
Pass, like the night-wind's sigh,
Away from me.

There is a resting place,
Cold, dark, and deep ;
Where grief shall leave no trace,
And misery sleep.

Would I were slumbering there,
From life's sad dream ;
The tempest's cold, bleak air,
My requiem.

Lady ! my harp's sad song
Hath wing'd its flight ;
But still, its chords along,
Murmurs my last 'good night !'

—The melody had ceased,—the harper gone ;
And, silent all, the waning night pass'd on.


NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

BY EPHRAIM PEABODY.

“Through the openings in the leafy vaults looked down the
stars from far above this world.” MARY’S JOURNEY.

The unfathomable cope of heaven !
The deep and silent sky !
Through the narrow forest opening,
Looks down its peaceful eye.
The tranquil stars pass o’er me one by one—
The silver clouds rise up—float o’er—are gone.

The forest pines which circle round
Like dark towers at my side,
But show the depths of the dim vault,
Where the holy stars abide.
Unsounded void ! yet deepening whilst I gaze,
Till the eye swims that through thy clear deep strays.




The night is hushed like sleep;—the roar
Of the great wilderness is still;
The breeze is sleeping midst its leaves,
The brook beneath its hill;
On branch and leaf and in their gloomy shade,
The silence of eternity is laid.

The moving heavens!—the Spirit's power
In glory bids them roll;
The music of the many spheres—
'Tis sounding through the soul!
The Vast! the Beautiful!—in mystery,
Deep in the soul's abyss unseen they lie.

Sea—heavens—ye settled hills that lift
Your brows into the blue,
Like altars reared to God—the soul
Is mightier than you,—
Yea, gives you all your glory—gives the light,
Which lifts you up from nothingness and night.

Oh God! who breathed into the soul
A power from thine own power,
Teach me to know the uncounted worth
Of this celestial dower:
Oh may I ne'er defile with earth and sense
This image of thine own Omnipotence.



ANDRE.


BY CHARLES W. UPHAM.*

BESIDE his path the beauteous Hudson rolled
In silent majesty. The silvery mist,
Like the soft incense of an eastern fane,
Went sparkling upward, gloriously wreathing
In the sun-light. And the keen-eyed eagle,
From his high aerie mid the crags, looked down
In majesty, where stood the lonely one,
In silence, musingly—

‘Would it were thus
With me. My spirit shares not now, as wont,
In the wild majesty of nature here.
Methinks there is some weight within, sinking
My better thoughts. Would now that I might lead
Some gallant battle charge—where the wild trump
Enkindles valor, and the free winds swell
My country’s banner.’

* * * * *

It was a lowly room;
And the stern heavy tread, that by the door
Went to and fro, told it the captive's cell.
And he was there ; the same, with his high brow,
And soul-disclosing eye;—and he was doomed :—
But on his face a smile seemed gathering,
And the fixed gaze marked that a wakeful dream
Had borne him far away. And now he saw
His father's home, in its old stateliness,
Amid the bending trees ; and the bright band
Of his young sisters, with their voices gay,
Echoing there, like some glad melody.
And then another form, bewildering
Each thought, came rising up in peerless grace,
But dimly seen, like forms which sleep creates.
His breath grew quicker, and his only thought
Dwelt upon her, as seen in that last hour,—
Her full dark eye on his, and the closed lip
Just quivering with a tender smile, with which
The proud young thing would veil her parting grief,
And check her trembling voice, that did outsteal,
Like witching tones upborne upon the wind
Of summer night—telling of her high trust.
But suddenly a change was on his face,
And then he paced the room in agony
At one dark thought. "T was not that he must die ;
But that he should not die a soldier's death :



Alas, and shall *she* hear it, that bright one
That ever saw him in her dreams, rise up
Like the young eagle to the sun ?

* * * * *

The morning came,
And he stood up to die;—the beautiful
And brave—the loved one of a sunny home—
To die as felons die ;—yet proudly calm,
With his high brow unmoved. And the full soul
Beamed in his eye unconquered, and his lip
Was motionless, as is the forest leaf
In the calm prelude to the storm. He died ;
And the stern warriors, to his country foes,
Wept for his fate. And who, that e'er had hopes,
Weeps not for him, meeting such misery
In glory's path ?

THE RAINBOW.

BY CHARLES H. UPTON.

ETHEREAL diadem ! whose blended rays
From no meridian splendor won—
Yet burst, full-formed, upon the wondrous gaze,
A frontlet braided by the sun.

Celestial smile ! beneath whose beams the dove
Afar the olive branch descried,
And bore the emblem of returning love
Across the water's ebbing tide.

Resplendent arc ! whose prism-blended hues
First dwelt above with One alone,—
Till He the holy effluence did diffuse
Around the footstool of His throne.

Sign-manual of God ! inscribed on high,
In characters of glowing light—
Where, on the tablet of the vaulted sky,
None but Divinity could write !

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

BY B. B. THATCHER.

Oh, lightly, lightly tread
Upon these early ashes, ye that weep
For her that slumbers in the dreamless sleep,
Of this eternal bed !

Hallow her humble tomb
With your kind sorrow, ye that knew her well,
And climbed with her youth's brief but brilliant dell,
'Mid sunlight and fair bloom.

Glad voices whispered round
As from the stars,—bewildering harmonies,—
And visions of sweet beauty filled the skies.
And the wide vernal ground

With hopes like blossoms shone :
Oh, vainly *these* shall glow, and vainly wreathe
Verdure for the veiled bosom, that may breathe
No joy—no answering tone.

Yet weep not for the dead
That in the glory of green youth do fall,
Ere phrenzied passion or foul sin one thrall
Upon their souls hath spread.

Weep not ! They are at rest
From misery, and madness, and all strife,
That makes but night of day, and death of life,
In the grave's peaceful breast.

Nor ever more shall come
To them the breath of envy, nor the rankling eye
Shall follow them, where side by side they lie—
Defenceless, noiseless, dumb.

Aye—though their memory's green,
In the fond heart, where love for them was born,
With sorrow's silent dew, each eve, each morn,
Be freshly kept, unseen—

Yet weep not ! They shall soar
As the freed eagle of the skies, that pined,
But pines no more, for his own mountain wind,
And the old ocean-shore.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! How long
Should the faint spirit wrestle with its clay,

Fluttering in vain for the far cloudless day,
And for the angel's song ?


It mounts ! It mounts ! Oh, spread
The banner of gay victory—and sing
For the enfranchised—and bright garlands bring—
But weep not for the dead !

FAREWELL.

BY JOHN B. L. SOULE.

“And there were sudden partings such as press
The life from out young hearts.” CHILDE HAROLD.

THERE is an hour—an hour of bliss,
A moment rich with happiness,
When cares and sighs depart ;
When they that love, approach to meet
The mutual welcome, and the sweet
Response of heart to heart.



There is an hour of sadness too
When o'er our joys that dread 'adieu'
Falls like a withering blast ;
When hands are linked and fondly pressed,
With heaving sighs and throbbing breast—
Those traitors of the past.

When bitter thoughts arise so strong,
And kind affection lingers long
To meet the last 'farewell ;'
When flowing tears are freely sent
From struggling souls, more eloquent
Than words, those thoughts to tell.

'Twas thus we parted—but a thrill
Of joyful hope pervaded still
The grief-impassioned heart,
Which told of brighter hours, to be
From doubt and disappointment free,
When bound in sweetest sympathy
We meet—but not to part.

THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

WELL do I love those various harmonies
That ring so gaily in Spring's budding woods,
And in the thickets, and green, quiet haunts,
And lonely copses of the Summer-time,
And in red Autumn's ancient solitudes.

If thou art pained with the World's noisy stir
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss
Of brethren gone to that far-distant land
To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike—
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest birds.

How rich the varied choir. The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half hid
Amid the lowly dog-wood's snowy flowers,
And the blue Jay flits by, from tree to tree ;
And spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of Spring the Robin comes,
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.


In the last days of Autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves, then peals abroad
The Blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer ! thy mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree
Close at the corn-field edge.

Lone Whippoorwill !

There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,
Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.
Oft-times when all the village lights are out
And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant
Thy hollow dirge, like some recluse who takes
His lodging in the wilderness of woods,
And lifts his anthem when the world is still :
And the dim, solemn night, that brings to man
And to the herds, deep slumbers, and sweet dews
To the red roses and the herbs, doth find
No eye save thine a watcher in her halls.
I hear thee oft at midnight, when the Thrush
And the green, roving Linnet are at rest,
And the blithe, twittering Swallows have long ceased
Their noisy note, and folded up their wings.

Far up some brook's still course, whose current
 mines

The forest's blackened roots, and whose green marge
Is seldom visited by human foot,
The lonely Heron sits, and harshly breaks
The Sabbath silence of the wilderness :
And you may find her by some reedy pool,
Or brooding gloomily on some time-stained rock,
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.



Most awful is thy deep, and heavy boom
Grey watcher of the waters ! thou art king
Of the blue lake ; and all the winged kind
Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.
How bright thy savage eye ! Thou lookest down,
And seest the shining fishes as they glide ;
And poising thy grey wing, thy glossy beak
Swift as an arrow strikes its roving prey.
Oft-times I see thee through the curling mist
Dart, like a Spectre of the night, and hear
Thy strange, bewildering call, like the wild scream
Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

And now would'st thou, O man ! delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creations ? Then pass forth
And find them midst those many-colored birds
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues
Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones
Are sweeter than the music of the lute,
Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
So thrillingly from beauty's ruby lip.

THE MOTHER

PERISHING IN A SNOW-STORM.

BY SEBA SMITH.

"In the year 1821, a Mrs. Blake perished in a snow-storm in the night time, while traveling over a spur of the Green Mountains in Vermont. She had an infant with her, which was found alive and well in the morning, being carefully wrapped in the mother's clothing."

THE cold wind swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child.
As through the drifting snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifting snow ;
Her limbs were chilled her strength was gone.
' Oh, God ! ' she cried, in accents wild,
' If I must perish, save my child ! '

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm.
With one cold kiss one tear she shed,
And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveler passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil ;
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale ;—
He moved the robe from off the child,
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled !


THE PRAYER

OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

BY FRANCIS BARBOUR.*

HARK ! from the mountain rock,
Is heard the voice of prayer ;
The hearts that seek the battle shock,
Are bowed in meekness there.
The armory of war is round,
Where once in peace they trod,
But nought is heard of the war's wild sound,
They bow before their God.

The voice of youth is sweet,
Coming like music thence,
It is a holy place, and meet
For the prayer of innocence.
As flowers which usher in the spring,
More fragrance will impart,
Thus fresh and fair the offering,
From childhood's fervent heart.



Manhood has bent his strength,
In supplication now,
The fire of battle has at length
Fled from his noble brow :
His might has failed, but he sheds no tears,
Though earthly hopes are riven ;—
Nor hosts of earth, nor aught he fears,
Save the holiness of heaven.

“There are men of whitened brow”
Among that mountain clan,—
The knee is bended now,
That never bent to man,
Though o’er their sires’ once happy soil,
A cloud of darkness rolls,
Yet tyranny and age and toil,
Cannot subdue their souls.

Their life’s short, stormy day
Is waning to its close,
And the soul’s frail covering of clay
Seeks for its long repose.
Though like the rocks in their giddy height,
They have felt the tempest’s rage,
The patriot’s fire in its quenchless might,
Still burns in the breast of age.

Their fathers' spirits call
From the cliffs of their rugged clime,—
They ne'er could brook a tyrant's thrall,
In days of olden time ;—
And the sons shall guard, uncowed yet,
The hearth-stones of their sires,
And ne'er in treachery forget
To light their altar fires !

And fearless they engage
In the holy cause of truth,
The majesty of age,
And purity of youth.
And mighty—holy is the hand,
That guards their native sod ;—
'Tis for the freedom of their land,
They raise their souls to God.



THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I HAVE read in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace ;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.


But, when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled ;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,



And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice, nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave ;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And, when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled ;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

LINES ON LEAVING CASCO.

AN EXTRACT.

BY CHARLES H. PORTER.

FRESH from my heart what warm emotions spring,
As, scenes of youth, I bid ye all adieu ;
While darts the steamer on her unseen wing,
And Casco fades 'neath evening's sombre hue.
Swift glides our boat like magic o'er the wave,
Dimly those shores are in the twilight sleeping ;
Pass we beneath the banner of the brave,
Where Scammel o'er the port its watch is keeping.

* * * * *

Match me, ye dwellers in Italia's land,
The hues that deck New England's sunset sky !
Ye shores by Mediterranean breezes fanned,
Tho' from your groves rich columns tower on high,
Though art has made your templed hills her home,
Tho' Genius there hath reared her sculptured piles,
Though from each mount rise minaret and dome—
Still do ye fail beside these fairy isles.



Here have I loved the glowing moon to watch,
As she seemed hovering their soft slopes amid,—
Like a fair maid, whose eye alone can match
The sparkling gems, beneath her robes half hid.
Here have I loved to greet the purple dawn,
And mark its kindling rays flash o'er the sea ;
Here, from the depths the silvery fish I've drawn,
And boasted of my skillful treachery.

But cease, fond memory ! for I would not dwell
Upon the past,—it only feeds regret ;
And as I leave each spot I love so well,
I would that I could all that past forget.
No ! I would not forget the few, whose hearts
Still kindly cherished, though misfortune came ;
Nor think ye when from all he now departs,
Those who proved false the wanderer would blame.

He can not blame what every age hath shown
Is nature's weakness, that while Fortune smiled,
Friends flocked around him, but when she had flown,
The most forsook adversity's lone child.
And thou of the warm heart and feelings true,
How did I watch thy bark's retreating sail,
That bore thee far across the waters blue,
To brave the surges' wrath, the sweeping gale ;

Nor thought that thou in a far distant land
 'Mid strangers' graves, unknown, unmarked
 should lie,
 That I should never grasp again thy hand,
 Ne'er more should meet thy kindly beaming eye.
 Perchance the cypress o'er thy grave is weaving
 Its pensive branches 'neath the evening sky,
 Emblem of him whose bosom still is heaving
 For thee, thou long departed one, the sigh.

* * * * *

Fades the last ray of light, those isles have gone;
 And now we near the light-house on the rock—
 From whose high tower the beacon long hath shone
 Thro' fair and foul, 'mid calm and tempest-shock!
 Oft when on high the midnight winds were howling,
 And waves were breaking madly into foam;
 When the dark sky with horrid gloom was scowling
 'Mid lightning flash and thunder's sullen boom;


The sea-tossed mariner has hailed that light,
 With sympathetic ray upon him beaming;
 Nor cared how wild the storm—how murk the night,
 So that one lamp were o'er his pathway streaming.
 And the lone fisher-boy upon the billow,
 Rocked in his wherry boldly rowed from shore,
 Nor thought how far—he feared no briny pillow—
 While his eye hailed that star, the dark wave o'er.

As is the heart we turn to in our youth,
When every feeling kindles fond desire,
As to the Christian is the light of truth—
So for the sailor burns that beacon fire.
There may it stand while billows rage around,
Long o'er the darkened waters may it shine,
To save the mariner from the fatal ground
Where snaring rocks lurk 'neath the foaming brine.

As he who kindles there its lonely ray
When sober evening gathers o'er the ocean,
Has often spied it on his stormy way,
And viewed it as a shrine, with rapt devotion ;
So now, safe moored beyond the rifted rock,
May he ne'er fail to light that guiding star,
Remembering how amid the tempest's shock
He hailed it, trembling o'er the wave afar.

* * * * *

Hail lucid star ! thou first of eve's bright train !
Softly thy rays steal o'er the limpid wave :
Com'st thou, lone messenger upon the main,
To weep above some hero's ocean grave ?
Would I could think while drinking in thy beams,
That there was one whose heart was truly mine ;
One, whose bright form might hover o'er my dreams,
Whose love like thee might o'er my pathway shine!



But ah ! it may not be;—and yon lone cloud
 Now like a veil upon thee, reads the fate
 Of this, thy worshipper. My heart is bowed
 Even as a reed—and I must imitate
 Thee, and retire among the unfeeling crowd,
 Chaining within my breast both love and hate,
 Walking with humble step among the proud,
 Despising not the low, nor envying the great.

* * * * *

Fair land adieu ! alone I pace the deck,
 And watch with saddened heart thy less'ning shore,
 Though there I've seen, of brightest hopes the wreck,
 And care not now, what fortune hath in store.
 Though foreign climes should greet my wandering
 way,
 Though 'twere my fate to plough the foaming sea,
 Yet wheresoe'er on land or wave I stray,
 Fond memory often shall revert to thee.

—

THE TELL-TALE FACE.

BY WILLIAM CUTTER.

I HATE the frigid notions,
Which seem to count it sin,
To show the kind emotions
True kindness works within ;
Those manners cold and guarded
With words dealt out by rule,
Pronounced just as mamma did,
Or Madame F——, at school.

I wonder how the ladies,
Dear angels that they are !
Can live where so much shade is
Their loveliness to mar !
Were they fairer than the graces,
And wiser than the light,
Such cold, such moonlight faces,
Would put young love to flight.

I love the playful fancies
Of an unsuspecting heart,
That speak in songs and glances,
Unchecked by rules of art :
I love the face, that speaketh
Of all that's in the mind ;
The brow, the eye, that taketh
Its hue from what's behind.

These are the voice of nature,
The language of the soul ;
Words change, but o'er the feature,
Guile may not have control :
The tongue may tell of feelings,
Which may be—or may not ;
But the eye hath sure revealings
Of the deeply hidden thought.

I love that quick expression,
Which flashes the full eye,
When truth would make confession,
While modesty would lie ;
Those warm, those heavenly blushes,
That crimson brow and cheek,
When feeling's fountain gushes
With thoughts it dares not speak.

Those shades that come unbidden
From every passing cloud,
With tales of care deep hidden
'Neath merry looks and proud ;
The sudden gleam of pleasure
From brow and eye and lip,
That tells the heart hath treasures
It scarce knows how to keep.

These, these are voices given,
For soul to speak with soul,—
As true to truth and heaven,
As the needle to the pole.
I bow to wit and beauty,
I almost worship grace,—
But I owe especial duty
To an honest tell-tale face.

STANZAS

IN ANSWER TO "LET ME DIE YOUNG."

BY BENJAMIN A. G. FULLER.

OH no ! I would not wish to die
When life had but begun,
When scarce its morning light had dawned,
To see its setting sun ;
I would not aught should rudely dash
The sparkling cup away,
Ere yet I'd tasted of the draught
Which deep within it lay ;
Nor would I that this bud of life
Just opening into bloom,
Should blight beneath some withering blast,
And lose its sweet perfume.

Ye tell me cares and sorrows throng
As life wears on apace,
That all our infant hopes and joys
Time's touch will soon efface ;
Ye say that youth's delusive dreams
Shall shortly flee away,
And vanish like the crystal dew
Before the morning ray ;
That every flower which decks the path
Of childhood's blooming morn,
Shall wither 'neath some chilling frost
And leave alone the thorn.

But wish ye from its parent stem
The new-born rose to rend,
Because its beauty may not last,
Its brightness soon must end ?
And would ye darkly shroud from earth
The rainbow's gorgeous light,
Because its transient hues must pass
Full quickly from the sight ?
Wish ye to stay the rising sun
Within his ocean bed,
Lest haply ere his course be run
Some cloud should veil his head ?

O, wish not then thine own fresh bud
Were wrested from its stem,
The living casket broke which holds
Thy spirit's peerless gem ;
I know that life's a chequered scene
Of sunlight and of shade,
With dreary Gloom and wild Despair
'Gainst Joy and Hope arrayed ;
'Tis true that dark and woful storms,
At times may thickly crowd
O'er Pleasure's fair and sunny heaven,
Its brightness to enshroud.


But it is good that man should tread
The varied path of Time,
And dwell where circling seasons turn,
Beneath the changing clime ;
For are not storm and calm alike
The gift of boundless Love ?
And light and shade—come they not down
From the same source above ?
—The new-born soul, like budding fruit,
So tender in its spring,
Demands alike the sun and storm
For its full ripening.

Ye say the weary spirit faints,
By feverish strife opprest,
And sighs to spread its seraph wings
For mansions of the blest ;
That yearns the soul to cast aside
This mantling fold of clay,
And wing sublime its sunward course
To hail the perfect Day ;
To stretch its flight to angel-realms
Where earthly trials cease,
There in the smile of God to find
A heaven of endless Peace.

Hath then this lower world no charm,
No beauty for thine eye ?
Doth nature wake in thy young breast
No wish save that *to die* ?
Is earth to thee a gloomy home,—
A desert dark and drear,—
A 'rayless cell' where stealeth in
No beam of light to cheer ?—
Oh, cast thy sorrowing eye around,—
What golden glories shine !
All echoing to the voice of God,
Proclaiming "earth is mine !"

On every tiny flower and leaf
Is Beauty's name engraved,
On hill, and vale, and pearl-paved shores
By sparkling waters laved,
'Mid templed groves, and verdant fields,
Where rest night's crystal tears,
Which morn lights up like glitt'ring gems,
Her fairy touch appears ;
On the broad dome spread out above,
By starry radiance lit,
In glowing hues of living light
Its Maker's praise is writ.

Oh, then, let every murmuring thought
Be silenced in its birth :
Should man, short-sighted man, contend
Against his lot on earth ?
Young hours are filled with mirth and glee ;—
Oh, then, why conjure up
A throng of *fancied* future ills
To poison pleasure's cup ?
So God may bid, I'll gladly tread
Life's path of joy or pain,
And full of years, at harvest-time,
Fall like the ripened grain.



TO A SISTER

ABOUT TO EMBARK ON A MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

BY B. B. THATCHER.


O SISTER ! sister ! hath the memory
Of other years no power upon thy soul,
That thus, with tearless eye, thou leavest me—
And an unfaltering voice—to come no more ?
Hast thou forgot, friend of my better days,
Hast thou forgot the early, innocent joys
Of our remotest childhood ; when our lives
Were linked in one, and our young hearts bloomed
out

Like violet bells upon the self-same stem,
Pouring the dewy odors of life's spring
Into each other's bosom—all the bright
And sorrowless thoughts of a confiding love,
And intermingled vows, and blossoming hopes
Of future good, and infant dreams of bliss,

Budding and breathing sunnily about them,
As crimson-spotted cups, in spring time, hang
On all the delicate fibres of the vine ?

And where, O, where are the unnumbered vows
We made, my sister, at the twilight fall,
A thousand times, and the still starry hours
Of the dew-glistening eve—in many a walk
By the green borders of our native stream,
And in the chequered shade of these old oaks—
The moonlight silvering o'er each mossy trunk,
And every bough, as an Eolian harp,
Full of the solemn chant of the low breeze ?
Thou hast forgotten this—and standest here,
Thy hand in mine, and hearest, even now,
The rustling wood, the stir of falling leaves,
And—hark !—the far off murmur of the brook !

Nay, do not weep, my sister !—do not speak—
Now know I, by the tone, and by the eye
Of tenderness, with many tears bedimmed,
Thou hast remembered all. Thou measurest well
The work that is before thee, and the joys
That are behind. Now, be the past forgot—
The youthful love, the hearth-light and the home,
Song, dance, and story, and the vows—the vows
That we change not, and part not unto death—



Yea, all the spirits of departed bliss,
That even now, like spirits of the dead,
Seen dimly in the living mourner's dreams,
And trilling, ever and anon, the notes
Long loved of old—O hear them, heed them not.
Press on ! for, like the fairies of the tale,
That mocked, unseen, the tempted traveler,
With power alone o'er those who gave them ear,
They would but turn thee from thy high resolve.
Then look not back ! O, triumph in the strength
Of an exalted purpose ! Eagle-like,
Press sunward on. Thou shalt not be alone.
Have but an eye on God, as surely God
Will have an eye on thee—press on ! press on !

THE SKATER'S SONG.

BY EPHRAIM PEABODY.

AWAY ! away !—our fires stream bright
Along the frozen river,
And their arrowy sparkles of brilliant light
On the forest branches quiver.
Away, away, for the stars are forth,
And on the pure snows of the valley,
In a giddy trance the moonbeams dance—
Come let us our comrades rally.

Away, away, o'er the sheeted ice,
Away, away, we go ;
On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet
As deer o'er the Lapland snow.
What though the sharp north winds are out
The skater heeds them not ;
Midst the laugh and shout of the joyous rout
Gray winter is forgot.

'Tis a pleasant sight, the joyous throng
In the light of the reddening flame,
While with many a wheel on the ringing steel
They wage their riotous game :
And though the night-air cutteth keen,
And the white moon shineth coldly,
Their homes I ween, on the hills have been,
They should breast the strong blast boldly.

Let others choose more gentle sports,
By the side of the winter's hearth,
Or at the ball or the festival,
Seek for their share of mirth ;
But as for me, away, away,
Where the merry skaters be,
Where the fresh wind blows and the smooth
ice glows,—
There is the place for me.

OGILVIE.

BY WILLIAM B. WALTER.*

“Thou lookest from thy towers to-day ; yet a few seasons
and the blast of the desert comes ; it howls in thy empty court
and whistles round thy half-worn shield.”

THERE is a wail of sorrow spread
Far o'er the waters deep !—
Scotland ! we know thy son is dead,
And we with thee would weep.
Oh ! there are dreams we look upon—
A presence loved, is past !
It speaks of memories that are gone,
All lovely to the last !

And art thou gone, bright spirit,
To thine eternal place ?
Shalt thou no more inherit
The splendors of thy race ?—
Dost thou no longer smile at fate,
Wandering on earth alone ?—
And is the temple desolate,
The shrine and spirit gone ?—

Thine was a name to cherish,
Thou gifted one and proud !
Not doomed from earth to perish
With the poor common crowd !
Bright Honor and fair Courtesy,
Last, of a noble line !
The glow of ancient Chivalry,
Great heart ! were ever thine.

Thy life, a splendid vision,
That now has passed away !—
Majestic, bright, elysian,
The glory of a day !—
Oh ! brighter than the coronet,
Thy virtues' living rays !—
They beam upon our memories yet,
Son of the winged days !

To realms of silence banished,
Hurled from his burning throne,
The imperial bird is vanished,
And rent his radiant zone !—
Still are the lips, all eloquent,
That charmed our raptured ears—
The thunder of the firmament !
The music of the spheres !

The wild birds now are nesting,
On his lone turrets high !—
And there the stork is resting
From her long flight, in the sky !
Faded the ravished bowers,
Where he was wont to roam ;
In ruins heaped the towers,
That once he called his home.

All sadly lone and desolate !
No banner's pomp is seen !
Where monarchs sat enthroned in state,
Dark Ruin's scythe has been !
But Friendship and Affection,
Shall long their vigils keep,
With wakening recollection
To mourn his dreamless sleep !

* * * * *

'Tis past ! we gather flowers,
Sweet flowers of earliest bloom—
Bright emblems of departed hours,
To hang around his tomb !



AUTUMN.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

‘Round Autumn’s mouldering urn,
Loud mourns the chill and cheerless gale,
When nightfall shades the quiet vale,
And stars in beauty burn.’—LONGFELLOW.

Now in the fading woods, the Autumn blast
Chants its old hymn,—a melancholy sound !
And look ! the yellow leaves are dropping fast,
And earth looks bleak and desolate around.

The flowers have lost their glorious scent and bloom,
And shiver now as flies the tempest by ;
To some far clime hath flown the wild bird’s plume,
To greener woods, and some serener sky.

The reaper's sheaf hath now grown white and thin ;
The bearded wheat, and golden ear of corn,
The jocund husbandmen have gathered in ;
And from the fields the seedy hay is borne.

The orchards all have showered their treasures down,
In many a pile of crimson and of gold ;
There will be wealth of sparkling juice to crown,
The foamy glass when the Year's death is knolled.

Still are these barren-hills ! save when the tree
Falls 'neath the far-off woodman's measured stroke ;
Or when the squirrel chatters noisily,
Or carrion crow screams from the leafless oak.

Methinks there's something sad in thy decay,
Oh ! merry-hearted Autumn ! like a man
Whose head is in his prime of years turned gray,
The red cheek in a little hour made wan !

Poet ! doth no regret o'er cast thy dream,
To see the good old Autumn thus depart ?
And gloom fast darkening Summer's golden gleam,
E'en as afflictions change the cheerful heart.



Even as I follow to his lowly bed,
The ashes of some kind, and well-beloved friend,
So with a saddened eye and mournful tread,
I see thee, Autumn ! to oblivion tend.

Yet beautiful are thy last fleeting days,
When glows the hectic on thy dying cheek ;
When leaves are red, clouds bright, and hangs the
haze
In many a colored fold, of gaudy streak.

I hear the voice of Autumn ! the deep dirge
Hymned plaintively within his ruined hall,
Its solemn sound comes like the beating surge,
Or thunder of the distant water-fall !

PAUL AT ATHENS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE day stole over Athens.—From his rest
Went forth a stranger through the silent streets,
To catch the breathings of the lifting morn
As it came up in glory and enwrapped
In mantlings of rich light, the old renowned—
The city of Minerva !—The unclouded sky
Hung, like the canopy of the third heavens,
O'er the glad hills of Attica,—the wind
Stirred lightly sea-ward, as he mounted on
To reach the old Acropolis,—and the breath
From far Hymettus and the thyme-grown hills,
Came to his sense deliciously.—He stood
At length, amid the Parthenon, that reared
Its yet unbroken columns awfully
Around—and gazed in wonder !

Far abroad,
The old Ægæan with its cradled isles
Stretched dimmingly away—or stirred
To a slight ruffle, by the morning breeze,
Sent back the day king's radiance, in a shower
Of dazzling light ! 'Twas passing glorious !
The queen of cities in her pristine pride,
Lay in the splendor of her marble fanes
And glittering domes beneath him, and the Bay
Fresh in perennial greenness, gave its breath
Of odors to the winds,—and olive groves
In their just time of flowering, clustered there
On storied hills and by the classic shores
Of swift Ilissus !—Who, that hath a soul
Shaped for communion with the high
And glorious of Nature's living forms,
And with the chaste and beautiful of Art,—
And who had read of old Philosophy,
And caught the fire from Homer's burning page—
Might not have felt emotion's deepest thrill
Stir in his bosom then !

And such *his* soul
Who stood within the Athenian citadel.
Yet came that pageant to his heedless eye
In very mockery ! His heart grew sick
Amidst the glitter of Pentelic piles—

The pomp and splendor of a God-less world !
He turned him from that height away, and bent
His step, with a stern brow and burdened heart,
To the great city's din.

And as he urged
His faltering way amid the tumult crowds,
That thronged the altars of her hand-wrought gods,
A gilded mockery—his spirit stirred
Within him, that the city thus were wrapped
In mad idolatry !—How much the heart
Whose homage riseth to the *living* God,
Burns inly, as the wayward sons of men
Turn to their soul-less idols !

'T was high noon.

The Apostle had gone forth with holy zeal,
Girt with the panoply of prayer and faith—
And stood within the Forum. Science there
Had gathered her stern votaries.—The learned—
The rich nobility of Athens lounged
In the cool porticoes and olive groves,
That clustered round the Agora and gave
A shelter from the sultry noon-tide sun !
The stranger walked amid the multitudes,
And listed the deep hum of mingled tones
That came from thousand voices, till his soul
Yearned for an utterance ! And mingling there
With old Athenæ's proud Philosophers,—

Stoic and Epicurean—he made known
The high and holy mysteries of his faith,
And taught of Christ.

Oh ! that in science' halls,
Where oft philosophy hath been enshrined,
Might live in its unbending energy—
The spirit of a Paul !

And yet they turned,
And mocked him. Jewish infidel, outcast
Of Israel,—and dark idolaters of Greece,
Laughed him to scorn alike ! Yet earnestly
He plead—and his firm tone and dauntless mien,
Stern in a holy recklessness, inspired
Awe in the multitude.—They gathered round
To list the 'babblers' words—the 'setter forth'
Of new and strange divinities,—until room
Failed in the Market-place.

Then leading forth,
They brought him to the Areopagus,—
With strange, half-mocking curiosity,
Bade him proclaim his doctrines.—Then stood up
That man of God, and glancing heavenward
The fervent but unspoken prayer for strength,
Looked on the multitudes.

* * * * *

The city's throng
Pressed up—eager to catch his words—and bent
The ear to listen, as the holy man,
Fervid in the deep eloquence of truth,
And strong in might of the Eternal God
Broke forth 'YE MEN of ATHENS'—and accused
Philosopher and ignorant, alike,
Of superstition.

Oh ! that the learned,
And those the world call GREAT, might *never* awe
The Messenger of God !

And Paul went on,
And with that wisdom that is born of heaven,
Borrowed their own inscription, and declared
To them the mysteries of the 'UNKNOWN God,'
Whom ignorant they worshipped, and proclaimed
Judgment and Resurrection. But they turned—
Aye, for the truth their own Philosopher,
The half-divine old Socrates, had taught,—
They turned and scoffed ! Firmly are wedded thus
These earth-bowed hearts to their idolatry.

How vain is human lore ! Science may wreath
Her choicest coronals on brows that bend
In adoration at her stoic shrine,—
And Intellect may revel in its strength,

Through mazes of a dark philosophy,
 Proud in its high enthronement,—and learn not,
 Its truest glory—its high destiny !
 It goes not out on the strong wing of faith
 To the great source of Intellect, nor soars
 With holy longings for IMMORTAL LIFE !

* * * * *

'Tis but an 'UNKNOWN GOD' the darkened soul
 Reads in the dim revealings of the earth,
 And star-bright sky—till the broad radiance
 Of heavenly truth beam like the glorious sun
 On the dark face of nature, kindling up
 The dew-dropped forest leaf and opening flower
 To glittering letters on the earth-spread page,—
 And light each else dark wanderer of heaven,
 To shine his glory and to speak his praise !

Perchance there whispers in the soul a voice,
 A 'still small voice' that speaks of Deity—
 And answering tones from nature's thousand tongues,
 May fall upon the dull, scarce-heeding ear,
 Like zephyr's soft *sussurus*, lightly audible,—
 And thus grow up before the soul's veiled eye,
 Some dim and shadowy outline of a God !
 'Twas thus at old Athenæ. They had bent
 In dark devotion at the gilded shrines
 Of gods that fancy fashioned, till arose

On all her olive hills high-columned fanes—
The pride of art—the temples of Idolatry ;
And Superstition, like a dark-winged deity,
Brooded in madness o'er them ! Still there came
The silent tokening of an ' UNKNOWN GOD '
Who habited in space, and guided on
In their majestic march the rolling orbs,
And wrought the silent harmony that breathes
Thro' nature's 'vast profound.' But Paul must raise
The voice of an interpreter, and, taught
By high communing with his God, declare
The TEKEL of their finger-written walls,
And fling a sunlight through their misted dreams!

And oh ! a blacker shroud doth wrap the eye,
That fain would pierce the darkness of the tomb
And scan the pathways of Eternity !
The spirit shuddereth to die, and yearns
For an existence when the grave hath claimed
Its tabernacled clay.—Yet earth-enthralled,
The soul's inherent strength availeth not
Firmly to grasp the idol of its dreams,
Till—on the pinion of a soaring Faith,
And with the piercing telescope of heaven,
THE SACRED ORACLES—to point it home—
It mounts, to tread with a strong footstep there
The vestibule of the Celestial Courts !

VENETIAN MOONLIGHT.

BY FREDERIC MELLEN.*

THE midnight chime had tolled from Marco's towers,
O'er Adria's wave the trembling echo swept,
The gondolieri paused upon their oars,
Muttering their prayers as through the still night
crept.

Far o'er the wave the knell of time was borne,
Till the sound died upon its tranquil breast ;
The sea-boy started as the peal rolled on,
Gazed at his star and turned himself to rest.

The throbbing heart that late had said farewell,
Still lingering on the wave that bore it home,
At that bright hour sighed o'er the dying swell,
And thought on years of absence yet to come.

'Twas moonlight on Venetia's sea,
And every fragrant bower and tree
Smiled in the glorious light :
The thousand isles that clustered there
Ne'er in their life looked half so fair
As on that happy night.

A thousand sparkling lights were set
On every dome and minaret ;
While through the marble halls
The gush of cooling fountains came,
And crystal lamps sent far their flame,
Upon the high-arched walls.

But sweeter far on Adria's sea,
The gondolier's wild minstrelsy
In accents low began ;
While sounding harp and martial zell,
Their music joined, till the rich swell
Seemed heaven's wide arch to span.

Then faintly ceasing—one by one,
That plaintive voice breathed on alone,
Its wild, heart-soothing lay :
And then again that moon-light band,
Started, as if by magic wand,
In one bold burst away.

The joyous laugh came on the breeze,
And, mid the bright, o'er-hanging trees,
 The mazy dance went round ;
And, as in joyous ring they flew,
The smiling nymphs the wild flowers threw,
 That clustered on the ground.

Soft as a summer evening's sigh,
From each o'er-hanging balcony,
 Low, fervent whisperings fell :
And many a heart upon that night
On fancy's pinion sped its flight,
 Where holier beings dwell.

Each lovely form the eye might see,
The dark-browed maid of Italy,
 With love's own sparkling eyes :
The fairy Swiss—all—all that night
Smiled in the moon-beam's silvery light,
 Fair as their native skies.

The moon went down, and o'er that glowing sea,
With darkness, Silence spread abroad her wing.
Nor dash of oars, nor harp's wild minstrelsy,
Came o'er the waters in that mighty ring.
All nature slept—and, save the far-off moan
Of ocean surges, Silence reigned alone.


ST. JOHN IN EXILE.

BY ANDREW DUNNING.

DEATH was decreed, or banishment,
to all of christian faith,
And he stood before the Roman power,
for exile, or for death.
The weakness of declining years
was all forgotten now ;
He stood erect with fearless eye,
and an unquailing brow.
Though storms might break in darkness round,
there was an arm to save,
Through faith he trode the lifting seas,
for Christ was on the wave.
Amid the war of elements,
he saw the rainbow dyes
Arching in bows of promise sure,
across the frowning skies.

The clouds hung heavy o'er his head,
but sunlight in his soul,
Darted athwart the fearful gloom,
and richly tinged the whole.

He gazed upon the soldier guard,
with spear and waving crest ;
And the thronging mass of bloody men
that round him thickly prest ;
Calm and undaunted was his gaze,
and through the troubled air,
Went up from his confiding heart,
the spirit-whispered prayer.
His heart was fixed,—his faith was firm,
for he leaned upon the breast
Of his beloved Savior still,
and felt the promised rest.
The stern decree of banishment
to Patmos' lonely shore,
Was circled with celestial light,
and tints of glory bore.
'Twas joy to leave a treacherous world,
'twas happiness to meet
Far from the faithlessness of man,
a solitude so sweet.
'Twas joy to share the angry scorn
by persecutors poured,



Upon that consecrated band,
the followers of the Lord.
He would not shield his aged frame
from vengeance or from death,
By coward act of perfidy—
denial of the faith.
Deny the faith ! nay ! it was bound
unto the spirit's life ;
The gnarled oak is not more firm,
amid the whirlwind strife.
Death was the portal to the skies,
but *treachery* would be
Parting the anchorage of hope
for all eternity !

O, tyrant of a trembling world !
how weak thy puny arm ;
The *body's* life is in thy power,
the *soul's* thou canst not harm !
Thy manacles may cramp these limbs,
thou may'st destroy this clay ;
There thy authority must end,—
the spirit spurns thy sway !
When thou canst curb the lightning's track,
or hush the winds to peace ;
Fetter the free-winged elements,
bid ocean's roar to cease ;

Arrest the sun in mid-day course,
the wheels of nature bind ;
Then may'st thou fling thy chains around,
the unconquerable mind.

Oh ! false the thought that gloomy fears
on the christian's rest intrude,
When shut from a corrupting world,
in quiet solitude.
Congenial spirits from above,
stoop downward to his prayer,
And come on wings of holy love,
to sojourn with him there.

And he who left the city's throng,
to seek his island home ;
Left but a wilderness behind,
through paradise to roam.
He stepped upon the rocky strand,
and bade the world farewell ;
Angels, and heaven, and God, came down
with him on earth to dwell.
Nature in all her varied charms
to him was given yet,
The marvels and the pomps of heaven,
with earth's in concord met.

Far in the bosom of the deep,
 'Greece, living Greece' appeared,
And there the 'clustering Cyclades' round,
 their forms of beauty reared :—
Vibrations of a thousand strings,
 in music met his ear ;
The glorious canopy of stars,
 the sky serenely clear :
The winds and waters whispered peace
 upon the lonely shore,
And white-winged spirits of repose
 Brooded its stillness o'er.

* * * * *

But views of loftier, holier things,
 to him were granted there.
The New-Jerusalem appeared,
 in dazzling splendor crowned ;
Bright jasper walls, with gates of pearl,
 encircled it around.
The future glories of the Church
 in vision were revealed ;
And mingling songs of earth and heaven,
 in swelling peans pealed.
The reign of error long usurped,
 was prostrate o'er the world ;

And the banners of redeeming love,
triumphantly unfurled.

This was the exile's solitude—
celestial visions given ;
Communion with the world denied,
communion held with heaven !

THE DELUGE.

AN EXTRACT.

BY WILLIAM G. CROSBY.

THE birds had sought the silence of the woods,
And the beasts crouched them in their solitudes ;
Man hurried to and fro with pallid cheek,
And wandering eyes, such as in terror speak
Unutterable things :—no voice was heard,
Save as some falling leaf the drooping foliage stirred. -

There was a silence brooding o'er the earth,
Like that which heralds the young earthquake's
birth.

Dark clouds were sweeping slowly o'er the sea,
And far above, a blackened canopy
Shut out the last rays of the sickly sun ;—
The eternal voice went forth—the work of death
begun !

Then pealed the thunder of offended Heaven !
The trembling earth from its deep centre riven,
Sent forth one wild and agonizing cry,
Its bursting waters, rushing to the sky :—
The lightnings met them in their midway path,
And bore them back to earth, stern ministers of wrath.

Then rose one loud, last shriek !—the torrent
poured,
And death's dark angel o'er the ruin soared,—
Echoed each struggling prayer, each mad'ning cry,
And mocked his victims in their agony !
Hope with her mimicry of smiles had fled,
And Ruin hovered wide above the countless dead.

There lay the mother round whose lifeless breast,
Clung the loved babe her dying arms had pressed;
And there, half shrouded in her golden hair,
Floated the wreck of all that once was fair ;
While he, whose arm in vain was stretched to save,
Slept many a fathom deep beneath the howling wave.

* * * * *



LOVE'S BLIND.


BY CHARLES H. PORTER.

“Love’s Blind,” they say,—an olden rule—
But he who made it was a fool ;
And they who trust him are not wise,
Love rather hath a thousand eyes.

“Love’s blind,” they say :—who think they find
Truth here, but prove themselves are blind :
If so, how could his arrows fly
With such unerring certainty ?

I thought so, till from Stella’s eye
The villain let an arrow fly ;—
It came so straight I could not flee—
And proved full well that love can see.

Then all beware :—that love’s a rogue
He’ll either come to you incog. ;
Or else he’ll say to you “I’m blind,”
And thus an easy entrance find.



TO THE AUTHOR'S WIFE,

ABSENT ON A VISIT.

BY SEBA SMITH.

Come home my dear Elizabeth ;
I'm sure could you but know
The sadness of my lonely hours,
You would not leave so.

If love could not restrain you,
Sure the *kindness* of your heart
Would not allow that mine so long
Should feel this aching smart.

Like the dove that found no resting
On the weary waters wide,
I wander, but I find no rest
Apart from thee, my bride.

Yes *bride* I still must call thee,
Though sixteen years have fled,
Fraught with the ills and joys of life,
Since the day that saw us wed.

Yes *bride* I still must call thee,
For still I feel thou art
The morning light unto mine eyes,
And the life-blood to my heart.

Kind friends may be around me,
With gentle words and tone,
And all the light, gay world may smile,
But still I am alone.

The bright bird that you left me,
Chirps often through the day,
And his music but reminds me
That you are far away.

For your sake I will feed him
With fresh seeds and with flowers,
And his morning and his evening song
Shall count my weary hours.

And oft our little Edward
Comes clinging to my knee,
And says with loud and hearty laugh,
‘Dear Father, play with me.’

And when I kiss his little cheek,
His bright blue eyes look glad;
And I talk with him and play with him,
But still my heart is sad.

My sun of life, Elizabeth,
Hath passed its fervent noon ;
I feel the ‘sear and yellow leaf’
Will be upon me soon :—

But though misfortunes press me,
And the world be false and cold,
Let thy love and presence bless me
And I’ll mind not growing old.


And I’ll mind not fortune’s frowning,
Nor the heartlessness of men,
When I see thee home returning,
Our abode to cheer again.

JACOB'S FUNERAL.

BY CHARLES W. UPHAM.*

A TRAIN came forth from Egypt's land,
Mournful and slow their tread ;
And sad the leader of that band—
The bearers of the dead.
His father's bones they bore away,
To lay them in the grave
Where Abraham and Isaac lay,
Macpelah's sacred cave.

A stately train, dark Egypt's pride,
Chariot and horse are there ;
And silently, in sorrow ride
Old men of hoary hair.
For many days they passed along
To Atad's threshing floor,
And sang their last and saddest song
Upon the Jordan's shore.



And Atad saw the strangers mourn,
That silent, wo-clad band,—
And wondered much whose bones were borne,
Thus far from Pharaoh's land.
They saw the chieftain's grief was sore,—
He wept with manly grace ;—
They called that spot forevermore
Misraim's mourning place.

They passed the wave that Jacob passed,
His good staff in his hands,*—
They passed the wave that Jacob passed
With his returning bands.
'Twas when he met upon his path
His brother's wild array,
And fled, for fear his ancient wrath
Might fall on him that day.

* Gen. xxxii, 10.


VESPERS.

BY FRANCIS BARBOUR.*

The hour of prayer !
Within the crowded chancel, while the shroud
Of night comes down upon the poor and proud,
Low bended there.

Perchance there be
Some lowly worshippers at eventide,
Breathing their humble prayer, on some hill-side
By the deep sea :

Or in the drear
And rayless coverts of the pathless woods,
With scarce a stream to glad their solitudes,
Or light to cheer.



And suppliant now,
At altars beaten by tempest's shock,
At some rude cross upon the rifted rock,
They humbly bow.

A chastening power
Falls like the coming of an angel's spell,
O'er the calmed spirit, when the shadows tell
The evening hour.

Thus at the close
Of life's short day, may its receding light
Which led us on, be peaceful, calm and bright,
As when it rose.


And may no fear
Upon our hearts a trembling record trace,
And may we go to our long resting place
Without a tear.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell ;
And where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone ;
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.




But soon a funeral hymn was heard,
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest ; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head ;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid ;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt, of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the slain ;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.



Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came ; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief ; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed ;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart ! One piercing neigh
Arose,—and, on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.


THE VICTIM.

BY HENRY W. FULLER, JR.

I KNEW her when a playful girl,
With sunny cheek and brow—
Her flowing hair and glossy curl
I well remember now.

For her I plucked the sweetest flower,
And earliest of the fruit,
And sought rich shells upon the shore
To string about her lute.

I saw her when the simple days
Of childhood all were o'er,
As unaffected in her ways,
And perfect as before.




She was the brightest gem I met
Within the halls of mirth,
And every feature was so sweet,
I deemed her not of earth.

Her fairy form and buoyant air
Bespoke a spirit free ;
And graceful as the gossamer
She passed away from me.

I saw her next in holy hour
Float up the sacred aisle,
And with the FAITHLESS kneel before
The altar-place awhile.

I saw the priest, the book, the ring,
And heard the vows they spake,
I knew he did a heartless thing—
He vowed but to forsake.

With bounding step I saw her go
In splendor to her home,
Without a shade of present wo,
Or fear of aught to come.



Nor can I look upon thee with a heart
Unmoved by the intrusive thoughts of sadness,
While fancy pictures thee not as thou art,
But what thou hast been, when the tones of gladness,
Were heard upon thy borders, ere the smart
Of stern Oppression turned that joy to madness !

How oft upon thy undulating breast
The light pirogue hath skimmed its silent way,
When nature all around had sunk to rest,
And long had faded the last beam of day :
And still it onward leaped the moonlit crest
And dashed delighted through the silver spray.

Urged by the spirit of revenge and hate,
The savage tenant knit his fiery brow—
And fanned the flame he knew not to abate
Save by the unwearied chase and deadly blow,
Toiling with ceaseless energy to sate
His vengeance on some far, devoted foe !

Perchance secluded in yon green retreat,
Some lordly chieftain, in his pride of power,
Hath lingered oft in rapturous thought to meet
His dark-eyed goddess at the sunset hour,
Where wanton zephyrs dance with flitting feet,
And kiss in gambols rude each blushing flower.

Here with the green wood for his temple dome,
This fragrant bank his consecrated shrine—
Mayhap the pious votary oft hath come,
On nature's breast his sorrows to resign ;
From day's dull avocations far to roam
With gazing on such loveliness as thine !

Soft, silent Wabash ! thy still waters glide
All heedless of my meditative lay !
But from the tranquil beauty of thy pride,
I'll glean such moral teachings as I may :—
Howe'er may vary Fortune's fickle tide,
Like thee in sweet content I'll wend my peaceful
way.

THE HAUNTED WOOD.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

I OFTEN come to this lonely place,
And forget the stir of my restless race ;
Forget the woes of human life,
The bitter pang and the constant strife,
The angry word and the cruel taunt,
The sight and the sound of guilt and want,
And the frequent tear by the widow shed,
When her infant asks in vain for bread.
All these I put from my mind aside,
And forget the offence of worldly pride.

It is said that the Spirits of buried men
Oft come to this wicked world again ;
That the churchyard turf is often trod
By the unlaid tenants of tomb and sod,
That the midnight sea itself is swept,
By those who have long beneath it slept.

And they say of this old, mossy wood,
Whose hoary trunks have for ages stood,
That every knoll and dim-lit glade
Is haunted at night by its restless Shade.

It is told that an Indian King, whose name
Hath perished long from the scroll of fame,
And whose thousand warriors slumber low,
In equal rest, with the spear and bow,
Was wont to pursue the fallow deer,
And hold his feasts, and make merry here,
And seek his repose in the noontide heat,
By this noisy brook at my very feet—
And here, at the close of his sternest strife,
He finished his rude, and unquiet life.

It is said that on moonlight nights, the gleam
Of his battle Spear flits o'er this stream ;
And they say there's a shiver along the grass .
Where the restless feet of the Spectre pass,
And a rustle of leaves in the thicket's gloom
When he nods his dusky eagle plume.
And, methinks, I have heard his war-horn bray,
Like the call of waters far away ;
And the arrow whistle along the glade
Where the chieftain's giant bones are laid.

And yonder, where the gray willows lave
Their silvery tassels beneath the wave,
By the hollow valley's lonely tide,
You may find the grave of a Suicide.
And 'tis said, at the noon of a dewy night,
When the hills are touched with the silver light,
That a spirit leans o'er that lonely turf,
Like a snowy wreath of the o'cean surf,
And a sound like a passionate mourner's cry,
Will often startle the passer by.

TO THE LAST LEAF.

BY WILLIAM G. CROSBY.

LONE trembling one !
Last of a summer race, withered and sear,
And shivering—wherefore art thou lingering here ?
Thy work is done.

Thou hast seen all
The summer flowers reposing in their tomb,
And the green leaves that knew thee in their bloom,
Wither and fall !

The voice of Spring,
Which called thee into being, ne'er again
Will greet thee—nor the gentle Summer rain
New verdure bring.

The Zephyr's breath
No more will wake for thee its melody—
But the lone sighing of the blast shall be
Thy hymn of death.

Yet a few days,
A few faint struggles with the autumn storm,
And the strained eye to catch thy quivering form,
In vain may gaze.

Pale autumn leaf!
Thou art an emblem of mortality.
The broken heart, once young and fresh like thee,
Withered by grief,—

Whose hopes are fled,
Whose loved ones all have drooped and died away,
Still clings to life—and lingering loves to stay,
Above the dead!

But list—even now,
I hear the gathering of the wintry blast;
It comes—thy frail form trembles—it is past!
And so art thou!

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE OCEAN.

BY CLAUDE L. HEMANS.

Thou dreary sea whose wide expanse
Lies stretched beneath the farthest glance,
Not all in vain thy waters roll
Their deadening influence o'er the weary soul.

They still the pulse of care and strife,
That wasteful spend the lamp of life,
The haunts of men forgotten seem,
The far off shores are as some faded dream.

Not always thus, thou treacherous deep,
In stern repose thy strength shall sleep ;
Soon from thy slumber thou wilt burst,
And soon with greedy rage for hapless victims thirst.

How glorious is the sense sublime,
Awakened in that awful time,
When howling o'er thy gloomy waste
The midnight gale careers with furious haste.

Then, then, thou wakest in thy wrath,
Along the wild wind's foaming path—
That lifts the trembling vessel o'er
The surge of booming waves that lash her sides and
 roar.

Thou haughty sea, thy fearful might
Cannot my steadfast heart affright,
My swelling bosom knows no fear
Amid the thrilling scenes proclaiming—God is here!

There liveth One beneath whose eye,
Where faith shone blent with majesty,
Thine angry billows straitway sank afraid,
And of that look serene a faithful mirror made.

His power thy raging shall control,
Thy restless waves shall cease to roll,
And the fierce wind shall moaning flee away,
Like some fell, baffled beast that scents the 'scaped
 prey.

THE LAST REQUEST.

BY BENJAMIN B. THATCHER.

Bury me by the ocean's side—
Oh ! give me a grave on the verge of the deep,
Where the noble tide
When the sea-gales blow, my marble may sweep—
And the glistening turf
Shall burst o'er the surf,
And bathe my cold bosom in death as I sleep !

Bury me by the sea—
That the vesper at eve-fall may ring o'er my grave,
Like the hymn of the bee,
Or the hum of the shell, in the silent wave !
Or an anthem roar
Shall be rolled on the shore
By the storm, like a mighty march of the brave !

Bury me by the deep—
Where a living footstep never may tread ;
And come not to weep—
Oh ! wake not with sorrow the dream of the dead,
But leave me the dirge
Of the breaking surge,
And the silent tears of the sea on my head !

And grave no Parian praise ;
Gather no bloom for the heartless tomb,—
And burn no holy blaze
To flatter the awe of its solemn gloom !
For the holier light
Of the star-eyed night,
And the violet morning, my rest will illumine :—

And honors more dear
Than of sorrow and love, shall be strown on my clay
By the young green year,
With its fragrant dews and crimson array.—
Oh ! leave me to sleep
On the verge of the deep,
Till the skies and the seas shall have passed away !

SONG OF THE WINTRY WIND.

BY FREDERIC MELLEN.*

———Away!

We have outstaid the hour—mount we our clouds!

MANFRED.

‘ADIEU! adieu!’ thus the storm spirit sang,

‘Adieu to the southern sky;’

And the wintry wind that round him rang,

Caught up the unearthly minstrelsy.

‘Adieu! adieu! to its flood’s bright gleams,

Its waving woodlands, its thousand streams.’

‘Off! off!’ said the spirit; like the whirlwind’s rush

His snow-wreathed car was gone;

And their cold white breath came down the night,

As his startled steeds sped on.

Yet the night wind’s dirge o’er the changing year,

Fell slowly and sadly upon the ear.

'Twas the song of woe,—of that wintry wind,
As the laughing streams ran by,
And lingered around the budding trees,
Once clothed in its own chaste livery.
Its tones were sad, as it sunk its wing,
And this was its simple offering :

Farewell! to the sun-bright South ;
For the Summer is hastening on ;
And the Spring flowers bright in their fragrant youth,
Mourn not for the Winter gone.

'But when days have passed, and I come again,
Their forms shall have died away ;
And mine must it be their cold shroud to twine,
From the snow curls that o'er them lay.

'Farewell ! to the sun-bright South ;
To its midnight dance and its song ;
For each heart is out for the Summer breeze,
As it sports in its mirth along.

'And the student hath lifted his pallid brow,
To list to its soothing strain ;
But oft shall they sigh in the parching heat,
For the wintry wind again.

‘ Farewell ! to the sun-bright South ;
 To the chime of its deep, deep sea ;
 To its leaping streams, its solemn woods,
 For they all have a voice for me.

‘ Farewell ! to its cheerful, its ancient halls,
 Where oft in the days of old,
 When the waning embers burnt low and dim,
 And dark strange stories were told ;

‘ My hollow moans at the casement bars,
 Stole in like a sound of dread ;
 And the startled ear in its lonely sigh,
 Heard the voice of the sheeted dead.

‘ But the days are passed—the hearth is dim,
 And the evening tale is done ;
 ‘Mid the green-wood now is the choral hymn,
 As it smiles in the setting sun.

‘ Farewell to the land of the South ;
 My pathway is far o’er the deep,
 Where the boom of the rolling surge is heard,
 And the bones of the shipwrecked sleep.

‘I go to the land of mist and storm,
Where the iceberg looms o’er the swell,
Afar from the sunlit mountains and streams ;
Sweet land of the South ! farewell !’

The song had ceased ; and the Summer breeze,
Came whispering up the glen ;
And the green leaves danced on the forest-trees,
As they welcomed its breath again.
And the cold rocks slept in the moonlight wan,
But the wintry wind and its song were gone.

THE INFANT SAMUEL.

BY EPHRAIM PEARBODY.

“Then Samuel answered, speak Lord ; for thy servant
heareth.”

IN childhood's spring,—ah ! blessed spring !
As flowers closed up at even
Unfold in morning's earliest beam,
The heart unfolds to heaven.
Ah ! blessed child that trustingly
Adores and loves and fears,
And to a *Father's* voice replies,
'Speak Lord, thy servant hears.'

When youth shall come,—ah ! blessed youth !
If still the pure heart glows,
And in the world and word of God,
Its Maker's language knows ;—

If in the night and in the day,
Midst youthful joys or fears,
The trusting heart can answer still
‘Speak Lord, thy servant hears.’

When age shall come,—ah ! blessed age !
If in its lengthening shade,
When life grows faint and earthly lights
Recede and sink and fade,—
Ah, blessed age ! if then heaven’s light
Dawn on the closing eye,
And Faith unto the call of God
Can answer,—‘ Here am I.’

THE LAST SUN OF AUTUMN.

INSCRIBED IN AN ALBUM, NOV. 30, 1839.

BY THE EDITOR.

'Tis the last sun of Autumn that smiles on us now,
And the soft South is breathing o'er sere field and
bough :—

The leaves are all wither'd, the bright birds are gone,
And the song of the wood is the Wind-Spirit's moan.

'Tis the time for the rushing of storms in the sky,
For the Winter-wind's howling, the Autumn's last
sigh ;

And still it beams softly, this Summer-like sun,
Tho' the days e'en of Autumn are numbered and done.

So when from that cluster each dark lock shall fail,
And the glow of thy beauty shall wither and pale ;
Oh! smile as the last sun of Autumn doth now,
No sigh from thy bosom, no cloud on thy brow !

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

BY CHARLES H. BROWN.

HAIL, dark old ocean ! wild and loud
Thy plangent billows roar,
Tossed by the tempest's raging might
Far on the surf-bound shore.
Hail ! thou, whose ceaseless rage began
When earth from chaos sprung,
And through the heavens' re-echoing vaults
Celestial music rung.

Thou art the same mysterious sea,
As when, long ages past,
The silent moon first on thy tide
Its golden radiance cast.
The eternal hills, the rocks and caves
Proclaim thy deeds of old,
When o'er this sin-devoted world
Thy mighty deluge rolled.

Beneath thy dark and vengeful flood,
 The proudest fleets of yore,
 With all their hale and gallant crews
 Sunk, to return no more.
 And there the beautiful and brave
 Rest in thine awful deep,
 While o'er their bleached and scattered bones,
 Thy sullen surges sweep.

Roll on, old ocean, dark and deep !
 For thee there is no rest :—
 Those giant waves shall never sleep,
 That o'er thy billowy breast,
 Tramp like the march of conquerors,—
 Nor cease their choral hymn,
 Till earth with fervent heat shall melt,
 And lamps of heaven grow dim.

'I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.'

BY WILLIAM CUTTER.

'It is true there are shadows as well as lights, clouds as well as sunshine, thorns as well as roses ; but it is a happy world after all.'


'I WOULD not live alway !'—yet 'tis not that here
There's nothing to live for, and nothing to love ;
The cup of life's blessings, though mingled with tears,
Is crowned with rich tokens of good from above :
And dark though the storms of adversity rise,
Though changes dishearten, and dangers appal,
Each hath its high purpose, both gracious and wise,
And a FATHER's kind providence rules over all.

'I would not live alway !' and yet oh, to die !
With a shuddering thrill how it palsies the heart !
We may love, we may pant for, the glory on high,
Yet tremble and grieve from earth's kindred to part.

There are ties of deep tenderness drawing us down,
Which warm round the heart-strings their tendrils
will weave ;
And Faith, reaching forth for her heavenly crown,
Still lingers, embracing the friends she must leave.

' I would not live alway ! ' because I am sure
There's a better, a holier rest in the sky ;
And the hope that looks forth to that heavenly shore,
Overcomes timid nature's reluctance to die.
O visions of glory, of bliss, and of love,
Where sin cannot enter, nor passion enslave,
Ye have power o'er the heart, to subdue or remove
The sharpness of death, and the gloom of the grave !

' I would not live alway ! ' yet 'tis not that time,
Its loves, hopes and friendships, cares, duties, and
joys,
Yield nothing exalted, nor pure, nor sublime,
The heart to delight, or the soul to employ ;
No ! an angel might oftentimes sinlessly dwell
Mid the innocent scenes to life's pilgrimage given ;
And though passion and folly can make earth a hell,
To the pure 'tis the emblem and gate-way of heaven.



Though dust to dust may be consigned—
Friend after friend depart ;
Their cherished names shall be enshrined
In many a living heart.

But while our hearts with anguish bleed,
We bow beneath the rod ;
Oh ! may we all this warning heed,
‘ Prepare to meet thy God ! ’


And we—when down death’s dreary coast
Our shattered barks are driven ;
By sea and storm no longer tossed—
May we repose in heaven.

THE LAST DROUGHT.

AN IMITATION.

BY CHARLES H. UPTON.

I HAD a dream which was not all a dream.
The Summer's sun, that daily rose undimmed,
As he advanced, gave out a scorching heat ;
The wind had lost its freshness, and did blow
A furnace blast, sweeping the forest trees
Untimely seared, with an Autumnal moan.
Morn came and went, and came and brought no rain.
The arid soil assumed an ashen hue,
As if with some similitude to mock
The cloudless sky. And now the husbandman,
With eye averted from the wasteful scene,
Passed sorrowing, his desolated fields,
Seeking his flocks.—Of these, despairing food,
Some left the meadow's brown-crisped herbage,
And panting sought the hill-side for a shade ;
While some with hollowed flank and eye ball glazed,
And tongue protruded far, the thickets sought,
Impelled by instinct to a silent grave.



Night came and went and came and brought no dew.
Their liquid murmuring the streams forgot.
Men hurried to and fro with anxious tread,
As when some dread alarm doth interrupt
The revellers,—each questioning his fellow
If this were famine, or if Death were come
To reap his harvest of the harvesters.
The lakes their bosoms, streams their channels
bared,
And in their oozy bed fast-mired, the beasts
Which from far inland came to quench their thirst,
Their famished limbs refusing further aid,
Gasping had sunk :—impatient for their blood,
The vultures tore and gorged upon them warm.
From out their habitations in the cities
Men rushed distraught, and fled, to caverns some,
And some to haunts of the still wilderness ;
While others with a voice of stifled prayer
Poured out their anguish in the sanctuary.
Even tombs were broken, and their vapors dank
For a short space, the torture did allay
That fiercely raged in the hot breath of life.
And now one only want, one hope, one prayer
Was left, and all with blood-shot eyes upturned
Had WATER! written on their parched lips.
Then came the deluge and red lava fell,
Consuming all things—even hope herself.

A PEACE-HYMN.


BY DANIEL DOLE.

SPEED on, O Prince of Peace,
The long-expected day,
When fierce-embattled strife shall cease,
And the wild war-horn's bray.

Adorned in radiant hues,
That glorious day shall rise ;
A lovelier bloom the earth suffuse,
A purer light, the skies.

No more shall madly rush
The warrior to the plain,
No more shall tears unbidden gush,
For the untimely slain.

Then shall as sweet a song
As hailed Messiah's birth,
In living music float along
O'er all the bliss-clad earth.



HOPE, FAITH, CHARITY.

BY BENJAMIN A. G. FULLER.

“And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but
the greatest of these is charity. 1. Cor. 13: 13.

Have HOPE !—it is the brightest star
That lights life's pathway down.
A richer, purer gem than decks
An Eastern monarch's crown.
The Midas that may turn to joy
The grief-fount of the soul ;
That points the prize, and bids thee press
With fervor to the goal.

Have HOPE !—as the tossed mariner,
Upon the wild waste driven,
With rapture hails the Polar star,
His guiding light in heaven,—
So Hope shall gladden thee, and guide
Along life's stormy road,
And as a sacred beacon stand,
To point thee to thy God.

Have FAITH !—the substance of things hoped,
Of things not seen the sign ;
That nerves the arm with God-like might,
The soul with strength divine.
Have Faith !—her rapid foot shall bring
Thee conquering to the goal,
Her glowing hand with honors wreath
A chaplet for thy soul.

Have FAITH !—and though around thy bark
The tempest surges roar ;
At her stern voice the storm shall rest,
The billows rage no more.
Hope bids the soul to soar on high,
But yet no wing supplies ;
She marks the way,—but FAITH shall bear
The spirit to the skies.

Have CHARITY !—for though thou'st faith
To make the hills remove,
Thou nothing art if wanting this,—
The Charity of love.
And though an angel's tongue were thine,
Whose voice none might surpass,
If Charity inspire thee not,
Thou art 'as sounding brass.'

Have CHARITY ! that suffers long,
Is kind, and thinks no ill ;
That grieveth for a brother's fault,
Yet loves that brother still.
FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY !—of these
The last is greatest, best.
'Tis Heaven itself come down to dwell
Within the human breast.

THE LITTLE GRAVES.

BY SEBA SMITH.

'Twas autumn, and the leaves were dry,
And rustled on the ground,
And chilly winds went whistling by
With low and pensive sound,

As through the grave yard's lone retreat,
By meditation led,
I walked with slow and cautious feet
Above the sleeping dead.

Three little graves, ranged side by side,
My close attention drew ;
O'er two the tall grass bending sighed,
And one seemed fresh and new.

As lingering there I mused awhile
On death's long, dreamless sleep,
And morning life's deceitful smile,
A mourner came to weep.

Her form was bowed, but not with years,
Her words were faint and few,
And on those little graves her tears
Distilled like evening dew.

A prattling boy, some four years old,
Her trembling hand embraced,
And from my heart the tale he told
Will never be effaced.

'Mamma, now you must love me more,
'For little sister's dead ;
'And t'other sister died before,
'And brother too, you said.

'Mamma, what made sweet sister die ?
'She loved me when we played :
'You told me, if I would not cry,
'You'd show me where she's laid.'

‘ ’Tis here, my child, that sister lies,
‘ Deep buried in the ground ;
‘ No light comes to her little eyes,
‘ And she can hear no sound.

‘ Mamma, why can’t we take her up,
‘ And put her in my bed ?
‘ I’ll feed her from my little cup,
‘ And then she wont be dead.

‘ For sister ’ll be afraid to lie
‘ In this dark grave to-night,
‘ And she’ll be very cold, and cry,
‘ Because there is no light.’

‘ No, sister is not cold, my child,
‘ For God, who saw her die,
‘ As He looked down from Heaven and smiled,
‘ Called her above the sky.


‘ And then her spirit quickly fled
‘ To God by whom ’twas given ;
‘ Her *body* in the ground is dead,
‘ But *sister* lives in Heaven.’

‘Mamma, wont she be hungry there,
‘And want some bread to eat ?
‘And who will give her clothes to wear,
‘And keep them clean and neat ?

‘Papa must go and carry some,
‘I’ll send her all I’ve got ;
‘And he must bring sweet sister home,
‘Mamma, now must he not ? ’

‘No, my dear child, that cannot be ;
‘But if you’re good and true,
‘You ’ll one day go to her, but she
‘Can never come to you.

‘*Let little children come to me,*
‘Once the good Savior said ;
‘And in his arms she’ll always be,
‘And God will give her bread.’



AN EXTRACT.

IN MEMORY OF LEONARD F. APTHORP, A FRIEND
AND CLASSMATE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

Soon the pale Scholar learneth that the star
That lured him on, but leadeth to the grave ;
And that the images of sombre stain
Are ever with life's tissue bright, inwrought.
And such a one, but yesternight I saw
Placed where Ambition's dream shall vex no more.
He saw the sparkles in life's golden cup,
And fain would deeply of its sweets have quaffed,
But never lived to learn the poison of the draught.

Departed friend ! thy brethren all have passed
From that still spot which sepulchres thy dust,
To mingle in earth's noisier scenes, to walk
In life's tumultuous, and thronging path.

Yet as the traveler at the close of day
Will pause to view the darkening landscape round,
O'er which the Day's long pilgrimage had been,
So we, in later years will love to view
In memory's dream, those scenes we walked with you.

I oft have sat at that still hour, when slow
From her dim hall, the purple Twilight stole,
And shut the shadowy landscape from the view,
To mark the picture thy warm fancy drew
Of coming life,—its triumph and its joys.
Alas, fond dreamer, all thy colored hopes
Are buried now beneath the Church-yard Stone,
The crumbling mould is now thy narrow bed,
And the rank church-yard weed waves mournful o'er
thy head.

STANZAS

ON RECOVERY FROM ILLNESS.


BY CLAUDE L. HEMANS.

How sweet the rest kind nature brings,
As now she bids my sorrow cease,
And comes with healing on her wings
To give this aching brow release.

This kindly air so sweet and mild,
That greets me like affection's voice,
She sends to soothe her suffering child,
And make my drooping heart rejoice.

Hope with unruffled plumes once more
Broods buoyant on my tranquil breast,
As when the raging storm is o'er
Some light bird floats on waves at rest.

Thanks, gentle friends, whose tender care
Has poured these blessings on my head,
And o'er the gloom of dark despair
The rays of warm affection shed.



FAIRY LAND.

BY WILLIAM B. WALTER.*

SOMETIMES we wander to the Fairy Land,
Where the soul dances and her wings expand :—
Fair Land !—its turf all brightened o'er with flowers,
And dewy shrubbery, and moonlight bowers,
Retreat of glittering Fancy's vagrant powers.
Fair Heaven !—where many colored clouds enfold,
Bright islets floating in the sea of gold !
Proud domes and palaces are shining there,
With ivory columns, gemmed with fire-stained spar !
There wanton Zephyrs dance on budding flowers,
And waft the fragrant leaves in snowy showers ;—
By sunny banks, the silver waters whirl
A wildering music o'er their sands of pearl ;
And birds are singing from their star-lit bowers,
To lull the sleeping of the blue eyed Hours !—
Light things are flitting in this world of air ;
Gay creatures born of thought, are dwelling there ;

The Elfin race, who bathe in dews of morn ;
And climb the rainbow of the summer storm,—
Floating about, in thinnest robes of light,
From meteors caught, that shoot along the night.
Crowns, studded o'er with gems, their brows adorn,
Stole from the eyelids of the waking morn !
They wave bright sceptres wrought of moonlight
beams,

And spears of chrystal, tinged with lightning gleams!
Young naked loves are sporting on the main,
Or glide on clouds along the ethereal plain !
Their snowy breasts floating the waves among,
Are kissed by shapes of light, and swim along
In liquid sapphire—with their humid locks
Dropping thick diamonds o'er the mossy rocks !—
The sea green realm, is all with emeralds shining,
With rainbow arches o'er the depths reclining !—
And other skies are deeply rolling under,
With clouds of trembling flame and slumbering
thunder !

And minstrels blow their horns of tulip flowers !
In echoes softly from their air-borne towers,
Floats back the music, with a dreamy sound,—
A dove-winged presence, hovering around !
Visions of Joy, in sun-robed garments sporting—
Dear Loves, with gay looks in green pathways
courting !


TO MY MOTHER,

ON A BIRTH-DAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THEY tell me I am FREE,
As though the thought were glad ;
But oh ! it burdens me,
And mother, I am sad.
I feel that I am wearing
Too early, manhood's years—
That time is onward bearing
To conflict and to tears.


I sighed in childhood's hours,
To rank among the FREE ;
But where, oh ! where, ye powers,
The freedom promised me ?
For oh ! the tie bound lightly
In youthful days I wore,
And sunshine beamed, how brightly—
As it will beam no more.



FREE—from my guileless plays
Beneath that hoar old tree ;
Light of my early days,
Dear mother, and from THEE.
Free from thy guardian care ;
On childhood's bended knee
To lisp no more thy prayer ;—
And THIS is to be FREE !

Nay ! 'tis a *chain* I wear,
That binds me from my home—
Whose links are toil and care,
That gall me as I roam.
The stern decree is past,
They say I am '*my own* ;'
My lot is earth-ward cast—
I tread the world alone.


No ! not alone—a crowd
Of mad ones past me sweep,—
Ambition trumpeth loud
To Fame's unhallowed steep :
They bid me onward press,
Till thought itself grows wild,
My brain a wilderness—
My heart with earth defiled !



I hear the thunderous boom,
I scent the battle's air;
My leaping blood cries 'ROOM—
I'm with the thickest there!'
'STAY'—saith a voice within,
'Be not thy heart too strong;
'Court not life's battle din,
'Twill summon thee ere long.

'Seek higher mastery
'Than winning thee a name—
'The tinsel blazonry
'Of an unlasting fame!
'Look where the foe would crush
'Thy nobler purposings,
'The passions' maddening rush—
'The strife of earthly things.'

Oh! gird us for that fight,
With earth-embattled powers,
Thou of Eternal Might—
In the fast-coming hours!
When inward foes o'erwhelm,
Be Righteousness our mail,
Salvation's hope our helm,
When fiery darts assail;



God-given strength, to wield
The spirit-piercing sword
Of the Eternal Word—
And Faith our battle-shield.
Thus panoplied, we yield
Not in the tumult strife,
Triumphant on the field
Of this stern, mortal life.

* * * * *

Star, that in heaven burns,
The changeless and the true—
The trembling needle turns,
And points at length to you.
Star in *my* heaven set,
Earth's 'lesser lights' above—
My wandering heart is yet
Firm to thy ray of love !

JAN. 19, 1840.

THE DEAD.

BY GEORGE F. TALBOT.

THE mighty dead, earth's teeming brood,
Say, whither are they gone ?
I move amidst life's busy crowd,
And feel almost alone.

Thou greedy earth, whose fertile rind
With human gore is drunk,
What is thy solid mould but men,
That 'neath thy soil have sunk ?

Oh ! cruel mother, yield us back
Each much loved form and face,
To the mute yearnings of our love
Give back our ravished race.

Where o'er thine orb from pole to pole,
Did man ne'er yield his breath ?
What space hast thou of sea or shore
Unhallowed by a death ?

Thy fields yield verdure fair as erst
Creation's new spring bore ;
Thine unchanged mountains sport a dress
As rich, as e'er they wore.

Thy zephyrs yet blow coolly by,
Thy woodland streams run free ;
As pure an azure tints thy sky,
As deep a blue thy sea.

And yet not all thy aspects, Earth,
Of changeless joy appear ;
Not all unknelled the dead have gone,
Not all unwept their bier.

There's moaning for them in the rush
Of the forest-shaking gale ;
The waves, that roll o'er mouldering men,
For them hoarse requiem wail.

There's sobbing in the thunder-cloud
And tear drops fall in showers,

And widowed nature yearly mourns,
And lays aside her flowers.


From him, who felt the unknown pang
Of death, the doomed of God ;
To those, whose unchanged forms now lie
Scarce cold beneath the sod ;

How oft disease, and sword, and flood,
Have reaped earth's harvest o'er,
And all her myriad, myriad race,
To their dark garner bore.

Hushed is the Medes' invading tramp,
Their spears consumed with rust,
The hosts that swelled through Babel's gates,
Have mingled with their dust.

On Afric's stormy strand are thrown
The Tyrians and their gain,
Nor now can boast the fearful ones,
Who tempted ne'er the main.

Mourn not the Greek on Marathon,
Or 'neath the Attic waves,
The nation, rescued by their death,
Sunk in less glorious graves.



Time, Carthage, has avenged thy wrongs,—
The haughty throng, that led
Thy captive sons through Rome's proud streets,
Are numbered with thy dead.

Jerusalem weeps not her slain,
Nor hates her conquering foes,
The mountains saved not them who fled,
Nor yet their victory those.

Ranks fell on ranks on Waterloo,
And Borodino's plain,
And Russia's snows have crimson grown
With blood of thousands slain.

The peasant by his cottage fire,
The noble in his hall,
The savage in his wilderness,
Before the slayer fall.


Oh! all the race of men are dead,
And earth is sad and drear!
Like fitting shadows of the past,
A few still linger here.

LYRIC POETRY.

BY WILLIAM CUTTER.

Music, one day, was straying
In Poesy's sweet bowers,
Like a pleased infant playing
Among the fragrant flowers—
Now with the fairies tripping
In dances light as air,
And now from rose-hearts sipping
The nectar treasured there.


At length, with feasting sated,
And wearied out with play,
She found herself belated,
And thought it best to stay.
Her harp of tuneful numbers
Upon a rose she flung,
And sought reviving slumbers
The dewy leaves among.



While there divinely dreaming
Of fairies, fays, and flowers,
And still in fancy seeming
To revel in those bowers—
Fair Poesy espied her,
And, taking up her Lyre,
Seated herself beside her,
And touched the trembling wire.

Startled, but not affrighted,
She swept the Lyre again,
Till every cord delighted
Breathed out its sweetest strain :
And while those strains were dying
In echo's faintest tone,
'I would,' she said, deep sighing,
'This Lyre were all my own.'


Music just then awaking,
Replied with gentle mien,
'There can be no mistaking
'Your right to it, fair queen !
'For she who can so sweetly
'Inform each breathing wire,
'Is named and crowned most meetly
'The Mistress of the Lyre.'



Fair Poesy, deep blushing,
Gave music back the toy,
While through her heart was rushing
A pure unwonted joy—
'Nay, lovely sister! hear me,
'With me do thou abide,
'Forever one and near me,
'My throne thou shalt divide.

'When from their breathing slumbers
'Thou pour'st sweet strains along,
'I'll catch the airy numbers,
'And weave them into song.
'I'll cull fair flowers, and warm them
'With spirit from above,
'And thou shalt all inform them
'With melody and love.'

Thus formed, this fond alliance
Was never after broke ;
Since then, in sweet compliance,
The two as one have spoke ;
And thence the lyric measures
In graceful numbers flow,
Giving new zest to pleasure,
And gently soothing wo.



FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more ;


He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.



Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died !

OH THINK NOT THAT THE DREAM
IS PAST!

BY JOHN B. L. SOULE.

OH THINK not that the dream is past
Of scenes when fondest hopes were cherished;
Though but the shadow now may last
Of each bright hope forever perished.

I know that fortune hath decreed
These hearts shall never be united;
I know that mine alone must bleed,
That mine alone was truly plighted.

Although the strain which now I pour
In plaintive sadness, ne'er may reach thee;
Although this tongue shall never more
Of deathless love essay to teach thee,—

Yet it is well—I would not mar
The new-born pleasures that surround thee,
Nor on my lonely harp shall jar
One note of memory to wound thee !

But deem not that this heart is cold,
Though this should be its latest token,
Of love which words have never told,
Of vows which never can be broken.

Where'er my feet are doomed to stray
By hopes allured, or sorrows driven,
I'll turn from other scenes away
To love thee, faithless, but forgiven !

THE WITHERED FLOWERS.

BY EDMUND FLAGG.


I KNEW they would perish!
Those beautiful flowers—
As the hopes that we cherish
In youth's sunny bowers :—
I knew they'd be faded !
Though with fond, gentle care
Their bright leaves were shaded,
Decay still was there.

So all that is brightest
Ever first fades away,
And the joys that leap lightest
The earliest decay.
The heart that was nearest,
The widest will rove,
And the friend that was dearest
The first cease to love.

And the purest, the noblest,
The loveliest—we know
Are ever the surest,
The soonest to go.
The birds that sing sweetest,
The flowers most pure,
In their beauty are fleetest,
In their fate the most sure.

Yet still though thy flowers
Are withered and gone,
They will live like some hours
In memory alone.
In that hallowed shrine only
Sleep things we would cherish,
Pure, priceless, loved, lonely,
They never can perish.

Then I'll mourn ye no more,
Ye pale leaves that are shed,
Though your brightness is o'er
Your perfume is not fled;
And like thine *aroma*—
The spirit of flowers—
Remembrance will hover
O'er the grave of past hours.



THE DEMON OF THE SEA.


BY ELIJAH KELLOGG, JR.

AH! tell me not of your shady dells
Where the lilies gleam and the fountain wells,
Where the reaper rests when his task is o'er,
And the lake-wave sobs on the verdant shore,
And the rustic maid with a heart all free,
Hies to the well-known trysting-tree ;
For I'm the God of the rolling sea,
And the charms of earth are nought to me.
O'er the thundering chime of the breaking surge
On the lightning's wing my course I urge,
On thrones of foam right joyous ride
'Mid the sullen dash of the angry tide.
I hear ye tell of music's power,
The rapture of a sigh,
When beauty in her wizard bower¹
Unveils her languid eye.—
Ye never knew the infernal fire,

The withering curse, the scorching ire,
That rages, maddens in the breast
Of him who rules the billow's crest.
Heard ye that last despairing yell
That wailed Creation's funeral knell,
When young and old, the vile, the brave,
Were circled in one common grave?
While on my car of driving foam
 By moaning whirlwinds sped,
O'er what *was* joyous earth I roam
 And trample on the dead.
This is the music that my ear
Thrills with stern ecstasy to hear!
I love to view some lonely bark,
The sport of storms, the lightning's mark,
Scarce struggling through the freshening wave
That foams and yawns to be her grave!
I saw a son and father fight
 For a drifting spar their lives to save;
The son he throttled his father gray,
And tore the spar from his clutch away
 Till he sank beneath the wave;
And deemed it were a noble sight.
I saw upon a shattered wreck
All swinging at the tempest's beck,
A mother lone, whose frenzied eye
Wandered in hopeless agony,

O'er that vast plain where nought was seen
The ocean and the sky between,
And there all buried to the breast
In the hungry surf that round her prest—
With feeble arms, in anguish wild,
High o'er her head she raised her child,
Endured of winds and waves the strife,
To add a unit to its life.
Poor wretch, she deemed it might not be
That the cruel shark his meal should make
Of the babe she'd nursed so tenderly,
By her own sweet native lake.
I whelmed that infant in the sea
To add a pang to her misery,
And the wretched mother's frantic yell
Came o'er me like a soothing spell!
—Are ye so haughty in your pride,
To deem of all the earth beside,
That yours are fields and fragrant bowers,
And gold and gems of priceless worth,
And all the glory of the earth?
Ah, mean is all your pageantry
To that proud, fadeless blazonry,
That waves in scathless beauty free,
Beneath the blue, old rolling sea!
For there are flowers that wither not,
And leaves that never fall,

Immortal forms in each wild grot,
Still bright and changeless all.
Decay is not on beauty's bloom,
Nor canker in the rose,
No prescience of a future doom
To mar the sweet repose.
There Proteus' changeful form is seen,
And Triton winds his shell,
While through old Ocean's valleys green,
The tuneful echoes swell.
But though a Demon rightly named,
For terror more than mercy famed,—
Yet Demons e'en respect the power
That nerves the heart in danger's hour.
And when the veteran of a hundred storms,
Whom, many a wild midnight,
I've girded with a thousand startling forms
Of terror and affright,—
When tempests roar, and hell-fiends scream,
The thunders crash, the lightnings gleam,
'Mid biting cold and driving hail
Still grasps the helm, still trims the sail,
Nor deigns to utter coward cries,
But as he lived, so fearless dies,—
Mingles his last faint, bubbling sigh
With the pealing tempest's banner-cry ;—



Then winds are hushed, the billow falls,
Where storms are wont to be,
As I bear him to the untrodden halls
Of the deep, unfathomed sea !
Now Triton sends a mournful strain
Through all that vast profound,—
At once a bright immortal train
Come thronging at the sound.
And on a shining, pearly car
They place the honored dust,
And ocean's chargers gently bear
Along the sacred trust,
While far o'er all the glassy plain
By mighty Neptune led,
In sadness move that funeral train,—
Thus Ocean wails her dead !
And now the watch of Life is past,
The shattered hulk is moored at last,
Nor e'en the tempest's thrilling breath
Can wake the 'dull, cold ear of Death.'
No bitter thoughts of home and loved ones dart
Their untold anguish through the seaman's heart.


——Peaceful be thy slumbers, brother,
There's no prouder grave for thee,
Well may pine for thee a mother,
Flower of ocean's chivalry !

SONNET

TO A BURGUNDY ROSE, PRESENTED THE AUTHOR BY
A LADY.

BY HENRY J. GARDNER.

FAIREST of flowers, by fairest lady given !
Thine only fault that thou wilt quickly fade,—
Though early plucked, yet blessed to be riven
From thine own stem, and on *her* bosom laid,
Like as a pearl in gold, a star in heaven !
Oh ! I would dream were I not half afraid,—
That she in some thought-wildered happy hour,
Erst-while ere thou wert given me, fair flower,
A kiss perchance may have impressed on thee.
And I would dream that some mysterious power
Had kept the blessing in those leaves, for me !
So would I ply thee with a venturous lip,
The nectar of that hidden thing to sip,—
And dream the while of rose-lipped loveliness and
thee!




MENTAL BEAUTY.

BY RICHARD H. VOSE.

I LOVE the hour when day is spent,
And stars are in the firmament:—
Sweet hour of night, thy shadows roll,
A heavenly calmness o'er the soul.

I love to gaze upon the deep,
When furious storms are lulled to rest ;
How calmly sweet those billows sleep,
And mildly smile on ocean's breast.

Oh ! who can gaze upon the ocean,
And see the moonbeams sparkle there,
Nor feel the flame of pure devotion,
Nor offer up one fervent prayer.



And who has marked the rainbow's smile,
That emblem of our Maker's love,
And did not burn with love the while
To join the adoring train above ?

But there's a beauty far more bright,
Than Ocean's gems of fairest hue—
Than starry hosts of heavenly light,
When beaming from that sky of blue.

The glorious sky shall pass away,
The mighty deep must cease to flow,
Created things shall all decay,—
This is our sentence, this our woe.

Yet earth, with Heaven can boast alone,
A brighter beauty, more refined,
Its centre is the Eternal's throne—
It is the beauty of the mind.

MUSIC AND MEMORY.

BY NATHANIEL L. SAWYER.

How oft some low and gentle strain,
From out the mellow horn or flute,
Rolling along the moon-lit plain,
Will waken buried years again—
Which else to memory had been mute.
Oh ! music hath a magic power,
That serves to soothe a weary hour,
When perished hopes and fortunes lower ;
From present care and toil it weans,
And wafts us back to halcyon scenes
Of boyhood, when the pulse ran wild,
And every vision undefiled
Beamed on the waking slumberer bright,
Instinct with ever fresh delight.

I've stood upon a sea-girt isle,
The heavens and earth were still, the while,
Lit by the mellow moonbeam's smile—

While strains of melody
Awoke my dreaming spirit there,
Dispelling each intrusive care,
As rung upon the slumbering air
The bugle o'er the sea.

The bugle hath a thrilling note,
That coming from a summer boat,
Makes many a vision round us float
Of witching 'Auld Lang Syne ;'—
It gives the heart an answering chime,
Makes youth triumphant over time,
And helps the clay-clogged soul to climb
Where Romance dwells divine.

There's music in the lone cascade,
That having swept the upland glade,
Now dashes down where years have made
A deep and wild ravine ;
It minds us of life's opening spring,
Joys early ripe thick-clustering—
And mimic hopes on golden wing,
Glancing the while between !

The steeple bell that fills the air,
The organ in the house of prayer,
With voices chanting, all declare
 In Sabbath morning hour,
'Mid shadows of a greener year—
The friends, whose lessening forms appear
 With undiminished power.


The Switzer dreams of Father-land,
While captive Judah's mourning band
 By Babel's willowy stream
Hang up their harps.—From palace dome,
To cottage thatched, where-e'er we roam,
Soft music turns the exile home
 Where passed his young life's dream.

The stars of heaven that o'er us beam,
The murmur of some gentle stream,
 Will open memory's cell—
And lead the wanderer back through years
Of woes and pains and wasting fears,
And joys that flash through streaming tears,
 And leave him there to dwell
With youthful haunts and school-boy plays,
And hills and streams and sunny days—
Where memory ever fondly strays.

Ay ! thus I thought, as one lone eve
The balmy air came whispering by,
And nature's spirit seemed to grieve,
And still above, the azure sky
Seemed weeping silent tears of dew—
While far adown night's sombre hue,
Pale Luna's beam came wandering through
The star-paved firmament of blue.

Ay ! thus I thought that moony night
When musing in yon classic hall,
And dim the un replenished light
Shone flickering on the shadowy wall,
While future life lay spread before—
A slope we yearn to travel o'er,—
Till far along the moon-lit plain,
Through Bowdoin's halls was heard again
Peal out the PANDEAN's thrilling strain.

'Twas then my thoughts were hurried back,
Along life's deviating track,—
'Twas then I felt that music's power
Could soothe to peace the troubled hour,—
'Twas then I struck my harp anew,
Music and Memory, unto you.



LIFE,

A BRIEF HISTORY IN THREE PARTS, WITH A SEQUEL.


BY WILLIAM CUTTER.

PART I. LOVE.

A GLANCE—a thought—a blow—
It stings him to the core !
A question—will it lay him low ?
Or will time heal it o'er ?

He kindles at the name,
He sits and thinks apart—
Time blows, and blows it to a flame—
It burns within his heart.

He loves it, though it burns,
And nurses it with care,
Feeding the blissful pain, by turns,
With hope, and with despair.



PART II. WOOING.

Sonnets and serenades—

Sighs, glances, tears, and vows—
Gifts, tokens, souvenirs, parades,
And courtesies, and bows.

A purpose and a prayer—

The stars in the sky !
He wonders how even hope should dare
To let him aim so high.

Still hope allures and flatters,

And doubt just makes him bold—
And so, with passion all in tatters,
The trembling tale is told.

Confessions, vows, and blushes—

Soft looks, averted eyes—
Each heart into the other rushes—
Each yields, each wins—a prize !

PART III. MARRIAGE.

A gathering of fond friends—
Brief, solemn words and prayer—
A trembling to the fingers' ends,
As, hand in hand, they swear !

Sweet cake, sweet wine, sweet kisses—
And so the deed is done ;
Now, for life's woes and blisses,
The wedded two are one !

And down the shining stream,
They launch their buoyant skiff—
Blest—if they may but trust hope's dream—
But ah !—truth echoes—*IF* !

SEQUEL. "IF."

If health be firm—if friends be true—
If self be well controlled—
If tastes be pure—if wants be few,
And not too often told,—

If reason always rule the heart,
And passions own its sway—
If love, for aye, to life impart
The zest it gives to-day,—

If Providence, with parent care,
Mete out the varying lot,
While meek contentment bows to share
The palace, or the cot,—

And oh ! if Faith sublime and clear,
The spirit upward guide—
Then blest indeed, and blest fore'er,
The Bridegroom and the Bride !

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY EDMUND FLAGG.

WELL—rest thee bright one ; we may not deplore
thee ;

Death hath no terrors unto such as thou ;
From ills to come, from anguished years—ah, freely
We yield thee to thy God, who calleth now.

We would not that bright brow were marked with
furrows,

Which Time's dread finger sure had graven there ;
We would not that pure lip had writhed with sorrows,
Which all earth's tenants soon or late, must share.

Ay, rest thee ;—yet, thy mother's heart is bleeding,
To think that form so chill and pulseless now ;
That rich dark eye its purple lid is veiling,
And the bright curls are still upon thy brow.

Oft has she gazed on thee in thy proud beauty,
Buoyant and gladsome in thy childish glee—
But ne'er before that face was deemed so lovely,
As, in its death-sleep, it hath seemed to be.

And yet rest on:—the balmy winds are breathing
A fragrant requiem o'er thy peaceful bed,
And summer-flowers thy humble tomb-stone
wreathing,
Their hallowed incense o'er thy slumbers shed.

From the far heaven the angel-stars are beaming
In holy beauty on thy lowly rest,
And clustering ivy-leaves are richly streaming,
With graceful tendrils o'er the sleeper's breast.

Sleep on—sleep on !—Ah, it were vain deploring,
For thou art gone where dwelleth naught of wo ;
In that bright realm thy pure young soul is soaring,
All scenes of sorrow fading far below.

Then fare-thee-well :—no more thy mother's bosom
Shall lull those blue-veined eye-lids to their sleep:
'*Dust unto dust*:'—we may not slight the summons,—
We give thee back to earth, but we MUST WEEP.

LOUISVILLE, AUG. 1839.



LINES

TO MR. AND MRS. G—— BY PROMISE.

BY THE EDITOR.


It is a melancholy thing TO DIE :—
To leave the bright creations of our hope
Unrealized,—to rend away the heart
From its fast idols,—to close up the eye
For its last slumbers, and pass on unheard,
To the far land of silence and of dreams.

'Tis melancholy TO BE BORN :—to come
Unshielded, to this dark, tempestuous world,
Doomed to its change and blighting, to be thrown
Wide on its billowy breast, and cast again
Far to its *thither* shore—a broken reed !
—I would not dash the smile of brimming joy
From that young mother's eye, bent eagerly
To the scarce breathing thing upon her breast,
Nor check thy pride, its father.—Given you,
Pledge of indissoluble ties, first-born—

'Oh ! cherish it with undissembled joy,
Fast by affection's shrine, and rest your hopes,
Yet not too strongly, on it.—For the plant
May blight untimely, ye would nourish up
To fair proportions and a queenly grace,
Or, grown to the full majesty of years,
May feel too harshly the rude play of storms,
That sweep the earth, e'en as the whirlwind's wrath!

That smile, fond mother, borrowed from thine own,
Just taught to play around its tiny lip,
Waking that joy-thrill to thy 'bosom's depths'—
Oh ! it may grow with the quick lapse of years,
To a most perfect witchery, and lure
Some fell, destroying angel to his wiles !
That eye—whose light is caught from the pure
 heavens

It scarce has looked upon, too soon may gleam
With an unearthly wildness—and that heart,
Pressed to thine own with ever answering pulse,
And beating lightly in its innocence,
May feel the rush of passions scathing it ;
Or, pressed too long to this chill world's hard heart,
That beats not to *its* beating—giving back
But cold responses to its yearning hopes—
Grow passionless and still, as for the grave.
Those lips—that drink a mother's fondest kiss,



But know not yet to fashion the return,—
Those lips, a parent's pride would teach to say
'*My father*,' and the household words we love,—
May shed the poison of a treacherous heart,
And breathe the words of dark inconstancy.
That ear—unwonted yet to listen aught
Save the pleased mother's gentlest lullaby,
Or father's proud '*my daughter*'—may soon feel
The grating discords of the world's harsh voice,
Calling to sorrow and to early tears.
—The unquiet foot so often thou dost press,
With a rapt mother's fondness, to thy lips,
That have just known the joy—oh ! shall it tread
The *scorner's* path?

Shall that fair, first-born babe
Grow wayward in its early years ;—forget
The eye that watched it ever tenderly—
That smiled upon it with the morning light
And at the evening dews, and waked for it
In the still watches of the slumbering night,—
The hand that rocked it to its cradle rest,
Stayed its first tottering on the nursery floor,
Parted the curls upon its childhood brow,
And smoothed the ruffles of its infant care,—
The voice that hushed its broken slumberings,
That taught it in its lisping infancy,
'OUR FATHER,' and the pleasant evening hymn,—

That calmed the tumult of its troubled breast,
With the kind soothings of a tone, like that
Which bade the waves be still on Gallilee,—
And ever was around its joyous hours
In gentle melodies of breathing love ?
Forget *such* tenderness ?

Oh ! mother, *pray*.

And thou *dost* pray. The bosom that has heaved
To the slight pressure of thy first-born's cheek,
Has felt the yearnings of a mother's love
That would not be forbidden, and its prayer,
Borne by the spirits ministering around
Thy waking and the infant's rest, has gone
To the recording angel. And the God
Who keepeth covenant, remembereth
That gentle falling of baptismal dews,
And stoopeth now with broad o'er-shadowing
Of the celestial wings, to shelter it.

Mother, *have faith*. So the fair flower that springs
To its unfolding beauty, 'neath thine eye,
Shall grow, with the soft sunlight of thy smiles,
And with the dew-drops of thine anxious tears,
To scatter perfume round thee—and shall pass,
After life's Autumn, to the 'living green.'
Of the 'Sweet Fields,' and the unfading Spring.

SPIRIT VOICES.

BY GEORGE W. LAMB.

IN the silent greenwood glade,
In the dim old forest's shade,
 By the rushing river,—
There are sweet low voices singing,
Music on the soft breeze finging,
 And they haunt me ever.

IN the star-crowned, quiet night,
Ringing from the moonlit height,
 Whispering from the vale,
From the swinging, leafy bough,
And the dewy flowers below,
 Murmuring still their tale.

'Tis of days long passed away,
'Tis of forms now cold in clay
 These sweet voices tell.
At the memories they bring,
Tears and smiles, together, spring
 From the heart's deep swell.

Old friends again about me stand,
And once more the clasping hand
 And the kindling eye,
Better far than words can do—
Tell that hearts are warm and true
 As in days gone by.

And, as these sweet visions throng,
Joyous laughs with many a song
 On the charmed air swell,
And strike upon the dreaming brain
Till the old time seems back again—
 The old time loved so well.

Ever thus in greenwood glade
And in the deep forest shade
 And by the rushing river,
There are sweet, low voices singing,
Music to the soft breeze flinging,
 And they haunt me ever.


GATHERING OF THE COVENANTERS.

BY GEORGE F. MAGOUN.

No proud cathedral bell the prayer-call bearing,
Swung solemnly within its lofty tower,
All sights and sounds, and their true hearts unerring
Proclaimed the hour.

The sunset-wane of day's resplendent glory,
Wrote on the clouds in roseate letters there,
Like some fine limner famed in ancient story,
"To prayer ! To prayer !"

The breeze that waved the meek, dew-dripping
flowers,
And breathed inspiring fragrance on the air,
A murmur sent through all their blossomy bowers,
"To prayer ! To prayer !"



Not mid the pomp of serried arch and column
They led their meek and reverent array ;
Where all was wild, yet Sabbath-like and solemn,
They turned to pray.

Wild, and yet Sabbath-like ! Huge rocky masses
Were piled that yawning cavern-temple round,
Where the fierce earthquake in its rifting passes
A home had found !

The Patriarch came, his long white locks revealing
Time's sway of joy and sorrow, hope and fear,
And the wee infant tottered from his dwelling
Of scarce a year.

The mother came. Her woman's heart *will* falter
As priestly hands her baptized infant lift,
And still the white-robed maidens at the altar
Blush at the gift !

* * * Stay !—A swift banner-plaid went flash-
ing
High o'er the rocky verge with sudden gleam,
And sullenly a heavy stone fell plashing
Upon the stream !

Up ! worshippers ! unto your Eyrie dwelling
If ye would never death or torture know !
Like a wild torrent from the mountains swelling
Burst the red foe !

And lo ! while fiery curse and imprecation
Pour in hot volleys on the praise-stirred air ;
The mountain-flood,—swift herald of salvation,—
Itself is there !

Their foam-flecked crests o'er hill and valley flinging,
On ! on ! the raving, thundering waters pour !
On that wild sea no wave-washed corse is swinging,
One yell !—'twas o'er !

While high above, unheard amid the thunder,
The Covenanters praise that vengeful God,
Who flung the mighty from his prey asunder
On that dark flood !

That spirit reigneth still ! So, Christian, waging
A terrible war along life's corse-strorn road,
Fear not ! *One* power can calm thy foe's fierce
raging—

Oh ! trust in God !



WHAT WOULD YE ASK?

BY GEORGE W. LAMB.

WHAT would ye ask—a restless strife of soul
For wealth, or fame, or aught beneath the sun ?
Alas ! man's life is short to have such goal,
And what is human glory when 'tis won !

The grave receiveth all. The hero's crown
And poet's laurels crumble into dust ;
Soon are their names forgot, though long renown
And deathless honor was their fondest trust.

The eye grows dim and youthful fire burns low,
The strong limbs bend, the once warm heart grows
cold ;
Yet onward still this toiling world doth go,
As if man ne'er should lay beneath the mould.

Bend to your tasks, ye who amid the clash
And clang of life's hard strugglings win your way,
Strive on unceasing though the bitter lash
Of hopes all blighted smite your hearts each day.

Press on untiring 'mid the jostling crowd,
Heed not the weak ones crushed beneath your
tread,
Think not upon the coming pall and shroud
And narrow grave—your home when life has fled.

And this ye say is happiness, and tell
Of ends attained and high ambition crowned !
Ye cannot hear how oft is rung a knell
Where doth one shout of victory resound.

Ye reck not of the withering, wasting heart,
The life-long toil unblessed by fortune's smile,
The sickening grief that bids the life depart,
And the dark woe no soothing can beguile.

Triumphant notes are ringing in your ears,
Ye list not when is struck a mournful strain,
Though round ye blight, decay, and hurrying years,
And mouldering dust, tell how 'tis all in vain.


Live out your little span, on honor's scroll
Your names and glorious deeds emblazon high,
All aims accomplish, reach the utmost goal
For, which ye strove—then lay ye down and die !

'Tis the sure end. When in the funeral urn
Thy head, once proudly lifted, lieth low ;
Long generations, thronging in their turn,
Will trample on thine ashes as they go.

The grave receiveth all. Within its breast
The peasant lies—the prince is at his side—
Long are their slumbers, silent is their rest,
And equal now is poverty and pride.

It matters not what they may leave behind,
One lays aside his staff and one his crown,
To his last resting place of clay consigned,
Each in his nothingness has laid him down.

So go we on, still struggling, to the tomb ;
Each bubble breaking, yet we grasp again ;
Each hoped for pleasure bringing deeper gloom,
And every joy with sorrow in its train.



AN AIR-CHATEAU.

BY NEHEMIAH CLEAVELAND.

How beauteous in the glowing west,
Those thousand-tinted isles that float ;
On the broad sea of light they rest,
Or pass to lovelier realms remote.

Methinks it were a bliss to roam
Where those far fields in beauty lie ;
Methinks there were a welcome home,
In the soft clime of yonder sky.

On some bright, sunny cloud, I'd build
My palace, in the verge of heaven ;
On marble fix it firm, and gild
Its cornices with gold of even.


From amethystine beds I'd draw
My blocks to shape its swelling dome ;
Here should you trace the old Doric law,
There the Corinthian grace of Rome.

In avenues of enchanting sweep,
Broad oaks and towering elms should stand ;
Blue lakes in placid stillness sleep,
And currents roll o'er silver sand.

Perchance, to animate the scene,
Beyond the reach of art and gold,
Some spirit, whose seraphic mien
Should wear no trace of earthly mould—

Crowning each hope, might cheer my eyes
With beauty, and with love my heart,
And to my sky-hung Paradise,
Its last and loveliest charm impart.

The day, with her, more calm, more bright,
Would flit on silken wing away,
With her, the dark and drowsy night
Seem soft and cheerful as the day.



Pensive we'd rove where scarce a ray
Pierces the dun, o'er-hanging shade,
Or, arm in arm, delighted stray
Through flowery lawn and emerald glade.

The joys of high, soul-kindling thought ;
Sweet converse at the twilight hour ;
The pleasures of a life, untaught
To pant for wealth or sigh for power ;—

The calm delights of lettered ease ;
Of virtuous toil the peaceful rest :—
Who finds his bliss in such as these,
How truly wise, how deeply blest !

Of joy,—on earth, or in the skies,—
But one perennial spring is found ;
Deep in the soul that fountain lies,
And flowers of Eden fringe it round.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF B. B. THATCHER.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave. LONGFELLOW.

HARK ! the funeral bell is tolling—
Calling to the grave's retreat ;
And the funeral car is rolling
Through the city's crowded street.
Soon the marble cell will hold thee
In its dumb and solemn rest—
Soon the grassy turf will fold thee
Closely to its heaving breast !

On thy pallid brow a shadow
From the wing of Death is cast ;

From thy sparkling eye, the brightness
That illumined it hath past.
May the green grass, o'er thee sighing,
Whisper forth its tenderest air ;
May the sweet birds, o'er thee flying,
Pour their mellowest sorrows there.
Let Nature view with tearful lashes
The spot that holds her poet's ashes.

Quenched is now thy studious taper,
And thy chair holds thee no more,
For the scholar's vigil's ended—
His task is done, his toil is o'er.
The spider on thy shelf is weaving
His untouched net from book to book,
And low the poet's harp is resting—
Neglected in his favorite nook.

The thoughtless world may soon forget thee,
But, in many a heart thy name
Shall keep its sweet and precious perfume,
In bloom and freshness still the same.
O'er Time's wide sands the rolling billow
May dim the print of thy career,
Yet love and memory still will cherish
For thee the sacred sigh and tear.

Classmate, gentle Classmate ! fast
The dizzy wheel of time flies round !
Scarce a moment doth it seem
Since thy blushing brow was bound
With the cloistered college crown,
Meekly worn, but nobly won.
As our little band departed,
Pilgrims from our classic home,
Joyous each, and happy-hearted,
Through life's untried scenes to roam,
Little recked we of its sorrow,
Joy to-day and grief to-morrow !
But alas, the thorny way
Hath entangled many feet,
And how many are reposing
Where the churchyard tenants meet !
But no purer name than thine
Fills the tablet's mournful line.

Ashes to ashes—dust to dust !
'Tis written that the glowing cheek
In its youthful bloom must fade
As fades the rainbow's painted streak.
The silver head, the locks of gold,
The reverend sage, the humble child,
Must vanish, with the crumbling mould
In rolling hillocks o'er them piled !

Gentle Pilgrim—fare thee well !
 In thy dewy morn of day,
 Yielding scrip and staff and shell,
 Thou hast fainted by the way !
 All who fill this vast procession,
 Travelling down the vale of tears,
 Will be shortly sleeping with thee,
 Vexed no more with toils and fears.

NOTE. Benjamin Bussey Thatcher, youngest son of Hon. Samuel Thatcher, was born in Warren, Maine, Oct. 8, 1809. He was graduated in 1826—before he was seventeen years of age.—After a short career of distinguished success in the paths of Literature, his chosen profession,—he died in Boston, July 14, 1840, in the Faith of the Gospel.—A more extended obituary of Mr. Thatcher was in type, but was omitted to make room for the foregoing tribute to his memory, not less deserved than beautiful.

Many hearts are in tears at the departure of our deceased brother. But we are admonished in his own beautiful words,

To "weep not for the dead
 Who in the glory of green youth do fall."

Unable, from the state of his health, to prepare any thing particularly for this book, he directed us to several articles from which to make a selection. "Weep not for the Dead," and "The Last Request," will be read with peculiar interest, now that their author is no more. Of equal beauty, and disclosing in a similar manner his yearnings for the "upper life," are his "I would not live away," and "Twilight Musings,"—the latter prepared for the press only the day before his death.

While the surviving may weep that he has thus early perished from among living men, the departed has but gone to realize the consolatory truth of his own lines :

"Nor fell decay, nor cankering sin, (the blight upon our rose,) May mar, 'mid all its loveliness, that land's divine repose ; But God will wipe these weeping eyes, these mysteries dispel, And Love forget forevermore, the sorrowing Farewell !"

NOTES.

Page viii. *From old Bungo-nungo-nock,
To where merry Quobomock, &c.*

One of these names, now generally syncopated into Bun-gonock was applied by the Indians to an indentation of the Casco, about three miles from the College buildings. Quo-bomock was a name given the Androscoggin where it unites with the Kennebec, and forms the Merry-Meeting Bay—four miles from the Colleges in another direction. They are both upon borders of the ancient Pegepscot, also the Indian name of a territory including Brunswick.

Page viii. *And the nave-embosomed islands
Of the sea.*

Casco Bay, whose North Eastern shore is formed by Brunswick and Harpswell, is remarkable for the fineness of its coast and island scenery. As seen in travelling upon the lower route from Portland to Brunswick, it affords prospects of surpassing beauty. A traveller of no small reputation, has remarked that the scenery of this Bay, resembles that of the Mediterranean more nearly than any thing of the kind he had seen in this country. There are scattered through it more than three hundred and sixty islands of great diversity in extent and scenery—offering a variety of beautiful resorts for sailing parties and pic-nics.

Page viii. *Through the pines' majestic arches.*

In the rear of the college buildings is a native growth of stately pines, ever green—and to the imaginative, ever whispering

Come "mingle with the roar
Of the pine-forest, dark and hoar!"

Page 4. *William B. Walter.*

We find several poems of Mr. Walter, published soon after his graduation.—The pieces contained in this book are from a volume published in 1821 and dedicated to the Rev. John Pierpont.—William Bicker Walter, was son of Bishop Walter of Boston, and died early, we believe at the South. Particulars of his history we have not learned.

Page 9. *Frederic Mellen.*

Frederic Mellen, son of Hon. Prentiss Mellen, was graduated in 1825.—The following extracts are from an obituary, written at the time of his death.—“With a native character of great suavity, simplicity, and instinctive correctness of moral sentiment, an intuitive perception of poetic beauty, and peculiar quickness of apprehension and susceptibility to the influences under which he was reared from infancy, and imbibing at home the purest principles of virtue, he seasonably received the advantages of an education at Bowdoin College, which nourished a love of classic and polished literature, and enabled him to cultivate those powers, with which he was gifted, with an upward aim to excel in whatever belonged to mental or professional accomplishment. A pervading taste for one favorite art, early discovered, and displaying a peculiar aptitude for the finest combinations of forms and colors—the art of painting—obtained the mastery of his pursuits and purposes; and he bade fair, by the proofs of original effort, to arrive at distinction in the most elegant branches of this polite department. He also possessed a very delightful and delicate poetic talent. A number of gems have been preserved, among the choicest and sweetest which grace the *Annals*, which would form a pleasing circlet on the now pale brow, upon which the blooming wreath of youthful hope has untimely perished. He had a short time previous to his death, removed to a sphere more propitious to the cultivation of his favorite pursuits, and the interest of his friends was awakened to his merited success. But his monument is, alas! to be marked by the *broken column*; and the blighted flower of his manly promise is watered, but cannot be revived by the tears of friendship and affection.”

Page 13. *Charles W. Upham.*

CHARLES WOOD UPHAM, son of Timothy Upham, Esq. of Portsmouth, N. H.,—was born Sept. 9, 1814, and received his name, in part, in memory of a gallant friend of his father—Lieut. Col. Wood of the Engineers—who was killed near General Upham, at the Sortie from West Erie, Sept. 17.—He died in December, 1834—having just entered on his twenty-first year. We make the following extract from an obituary notice, published soon after his decease.—“There was much in his childhood to cherish the highest hopes with regard to him in the minds of his parents and friends. He showed an ardent love for knowledge, and while he mastered with singular facility the elementary studies of the school, he made himself conversant with many standard works in English lit-

erature. He at this period manifested a great fondness for the fine arts, particularly for painting; and for several years the pencil and the brush were the almost uniform companions of his leisure hours. His juvenile success gives ample proof that time and diligence only were wanting to have made him an eminent artist; but when he felt himself called to a higher and holier profession, from a sense of duty, yet not without a severe struggle, he denied himself the chosen occupation of his boyhood. In 1829, he entered the Freshman Class in Bowdoin College, and shortly after selected the Christian ministry as his profession. While in College, he maintained a high rank in his class, distinguished himself particularly as a writer, and gained the lasting esteem and affection both of his instructors and his fellow-pupils. At the close of his Sophomore year, he left College to become an assistant in an extensive female Seminary in Canandaigua, N. Y. He had, in the intervals of his duty in school, pursued the studies of his class, and was expecting to rejoin them at Brunswick early in their Senior year. But in the autumn of 1832, by the upsetting of a stage, he sustained an injury of the spine, which, though not perceived at the time, shortly after occasioned a severe illness, and rendered the whole residue of his life a period of weakness and intense suffering.

"He had few friends, for he sought few; but these he bound to himself by unreserved confidence and by a self-forgetting sympathy.—All the talents and virtues of this lamented young man were rendered doubly interesting, as sanctified by Christian piety. And as one by one the ties that bound him to life were sundered, he seemed to cling with a still firmer faith and a still more joyous hope to the promise of the life to come."

It is due the subject of this notice, to remark in regard to his poetical effusions, that they were never intended for the public eye. Several articles written for his own recreation or the gratification of friends—found their way into the public prints after his decease. From these we have made our selection—and when it is recollected they were written at the early age of about eighteen years—we only the more regret that he has passed the 'returnless bourne.'

Page 27. *Francis Barbour.*

Francis Barbour, son of Joseph Barbour, Esq., of Gorham, was graduated in 1830, and afterwards pursued the study of Law, and still later that of Medicine. Not satisfied however with these pursuits, he determined to devote himself to the art of Painting, for which he had an early taste. He visited

Boston and New York, to receive instruction in his favorite pursuit ; but unwilling to endure the drudgery imposed on the beginner, he returned to Gorham to pursue his chosen art by himself. And although he lived but a few years to prosecute his labors, he has left in his portraits and other paintings, evidences of no common genius. It is a remarkable fact that three of the deceased "Poets," discovered a more than ordinary taste for Painting.

Mr. Barbour is remembered by his college friends and other acquaintances, as "gentlemanly in his deportment and graceful in his manners ;—generous, high-minded, and honorable in his intercourse with his fellow men ; independent in thought, word, and action," and at the same time governed by "that kindness and good sense that never allowed his independence to degenerate into obstinacy."

He passed slowly and silently into the grave. His disorder, consumption, did not wholly interrupt his studies until the day of his death. On the preceding day he was engaged upon a portrait which he left unfinished.

Mr. Barbour died at his father's residence, March 1, 1839 —Æt. 28.

Page 33. *Where Scammel o'er the port, &c.*

Scammel is a name given the national Fort at the entrance of Portland harbor.

Page 52. *Still are the lips all eloquent,
That charms our raptured ears, &c.*

Ogilvie, the subject of this poem was a Scotch nobleman who travelled in the United States, some twenty or thirty years since, distinguished for his oratorical powers.

Page 76. In the last line of the first stanza, introduce *me* between *leave* and *so*.

Page 159. *Peal out the Pandean's thrilling strain.*

Pandean is the name of the College Band.



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J'ai cherché long-temps une fleur
Pour vous fêter comme on vous aime;
Mais du sentiment de mon cœur,
Je n'ai pu trouver l'emblème.
La Rose ne brille qu'un jour;
Chaque jour je vous voit plus belle
Pour vous peindre mon amour
Il me faudrait une immortelle.



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